

LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC

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Twenty-Second Year— May 8, 1915

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

FEATURES OF THE WEEK

“Goldbricking” The County Supervisors
Triumph of Selfish Newspaper Publishers
Surprises of Tuesday’s Primary Election
“Forgiving” The Near War-Brides
Leo Frank Case and The Antis
Chicago and Los Angeles Contrasted
Life’s Little Tragedies IV. The Fly in Lower Six
Browsings: Josephus’ Historic Works
Imagistic “Poetry” Satirized

By the Way: Intimate Gossip of Men and Events
--R. H. C.’s Golden Gate Gossip-- Theaters
--Society -- Music -- Art -- Books -- Finance --
News in Brief.



RALPH FULLERTON MOCINE

Statement of Condition of
The First National Bank
of Los Angeles

At the Close of Business, May 1, 1915

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$16,113,613.55
Bonds, Securities, etc.	1,486,289.89
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation	1,250,000.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds	None
Furniture and Fixtures	175,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	6,853,571.10
Total	\$25,878,473.65

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$1,500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	2,524,342.88
Circulation	1,200,100.00
Reserved for Taxes, etc.	46,365.50
Bills Payable	485,000.00
Letters of Credit	29,230.80
Deposits	20,093,434.47
Total	\$25,878,473.65

Commercial and Travelers' Letters of Credit Issued.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

I, W. T. S. Hammond, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. M. Elliott J. C. Drake H. Jevne John B. Miller
John P. Burke Frank P. Flint J. O. Koepfl F. Q. Story
Directors

STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF THE LOS ANGELES TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, MAY 1, 1915.

(Owned by the Stockholders of the First National Bank.)

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$13,407,081.67
Bonds, Securities, etc.	2,518,326.41
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	1,050,000.00
CASH AND SIGHT EXCHANGE	5,263,889.58
Total	\$22,239,297.66

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus	1,300,000.00
Undivided Profits	228,746.78
Reserved for Taxes, Interest, etc.	99,997.58
DEPOSITS	
Demand	\$ 6,838,860.11
Time	12,271,693.19
	19,110,553.30
Total	\$22,239,297.66

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THE GRAPHIC

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LOS ANGELES, MAY 8, 1915

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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER

Editor



TRIUMPH OF SELFISH PUBLISHERS

WHAT a serious reflection on the citizenship of Los Angeles is the total vote at the primaries Tuesday on the important question of doubling the present area of the municipality! With a registration of two hundred thousand, less than thirty per cent of the voters took interest enough in the question to go to the polls. To annex Palms, a strip of territory about four miles square, 38,732 voters favored the project, but to take in the vast San Fernando valley of 125 miles square, only 37,276 approved, while 24,098 rejected the proposal. This left a majority of 12,178 voters in a total of 200,000, swaying the momentous question. Is not this a crying commentary on the civic pride of Los Angeles?

Think of it! Nearly 140,000 voters were so apathetic in regard to doubling the physical area of their city, besides the settling of a knotty problem concerning the marketing of the surplus water, as to abstain from voting, while of the 72,000 who went to the polls, upward of 11,000 refused to express themselves on the question of annexation. Even little Palms attracted 1500 more votes than the larger and much greater proposition. What is the reason? Is it because the people really were indifferent as to the outcome or were they suspicious of it? We incline to the latter opinion. Those who voted aye, undoubtedly were so influenced by the page advertisements and editorial pleadings contained in the several daily papers, whose owners and publishers are speculatively interested in the San Fernando Valley, as they have been ever since the project of watering it at the expense of the taxpayers of Los Angeles was bruited. As their selfish arguments involved the city so heavily eight years ago, so now they have consummated their object and the public is mulcted to fill their ollas.

Here we have the spectacle of a vast area of agricultural land, sparsely settled and in nowise to be regarded as urban property, reaping the benefit of a prodigious outlay of money—which not by any means has reached its apex—that was to have saved the comparatively small city of 200,000 from ruin by water famine. Now, with more than 450,000 people, we use and need none of it, but the valley to the north, so cunningly exploited by the newspaper publishers for their own purpose is the sole beneficiary. Really, it would be a rich joke on the people were it not so costly an one. Possibly, the "majority" having spoken we should be silent on this pitiable affair, but was it not Matthew Arnold who declared that the majority is usually wrong, because it acts largely in ignorance? In this instance the "majority"

of 12,178, acting on the disinterested advice of the patriotic publishers, has blindly committed Los Angeles to a policy that will still further increase the individual assessments of the property owners. However, the blame attaches to the 140,000 stay-at-homes. The 24,098 who protested have, at least, done their full duty.

FROM THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE

ABANDONING its announced project of taking over the Monolith cement plant at a cost of \$550,000.00 because of the pronounced opposition of the leading county papers to the indefensible scheme, together with the membership of the allied chambers of commerce of Los Angeles county, the board of county supervisors is now dallying with a proposal to lease the desert mill from its unhappy owner, the city of Los Angeles. Why this eagerness to involve the county in a losing enterprise, which the city is so anxious to unload, is not clear to the taxpayers of the county. It is not a good business proposition. If it were, the city of Los Angeles, using ten times as much cement as the county does in a given time, would naturally want to keep its mill—at least, that is a logical deduction. Of course, it may be that the board of county supervisors is composed of less alert material than is found in the city council, which is striving to get rid of its white elephant, but having a fairly good perspective on the councilmen, it is hardly complimentary to the supervisors to think that their gullibility is what permits them to be "gold-bricked."

Yet what must the average county taxpayer think when his representatives are seriously considering leasing the mill for one year, with the privilege of four more (and an option to purchase) at a 5 per cent rental on \$550,000.00? Think of it! Paying \$27,500.00 a year for a plant that will require at least \$50,000 to put the mill in working order, install new boilers and provide other needed rehabilitation equipment. On top of that must come a working capital to carry the manufactured product and allow for the deficits, for, of course, the plant will run its lessee sadly in the hole. In addition to the rental money, the county must pay a royalty of five and one-half cents on every barrel of cement manufactured. What a pretty bargain for the county! Say, it can use twelve thousand barrels of cement in a year, which is a fair average, the cost based on the rental alone is in excess of \$2.00 a barrel. Meanwhile, the county is buying its cement in the open market at \$1.60 laid down in Los Angeles, which Supervisor Hinshaw has admitted is an extremely low rate. He says this is possible because of the potential strength of the Monolith mill in the background, acting as an insurance. Very well; so long as the county leaves it alone it is assured of the same low rate, apparently. Take the plant over and the incentive to sell under it is gone, if his argument is correct.

But it is the option, perhaps, to buy the mill at \$550,000.00 that is so attractive that the supervisors are willing to pay \$27,500.00 a year for one year and, possibly, four more, with the ecstatic prospect of becoming its owner. Yet for several years the plant has been on the market and no bona fide purchasers have appeared anxious to shoulder the city's burden, and give up good money for so doing. Why, then, the payment of a big premium for the opportunity of becoming the

financial victim of the city council's wiles? Bunkoed! That is what will happen to the county if this foolish lease is entered into. One month's output of the mill would give the city all the cement it could use in a year. Then, what? Why, to retain the organization at the plant the upkeep of the crew must be met at a certain loss, financially, to the lessee. If it runs the year round what is to be done with the surplus product? To sell below cost is not good business, and will surely invite the wrath of the taxpayers when they get the accounting they will demand. Look at the deal how one may it presents anything but an alluring prospect from the viewpoint of the taxpayer, which, with the supervisors, should be the primary consideration. If the mill is a poor purchase—as it assuredly is—it is even less inviting to take it under lease since it means the rehabilitation of the plant by a non-owner, whose experience at the end of the year will have proved so costly that the public will interdict, at the price of a recall, any further dissipation of the public funds.

"FORGIVING" NEAR WAR-BRIDES

FOREIGN governments are about to "forgive," officially, the "war-brides" and illegitimate mothers. How noble of them! The first requirement of a government official, apparently, is an utter lack of sense of humor, otherwise he could never look his work in the face. After all kinds of appeals to men to rush to arms to serve their countries; with the throb of drum-beats and blare of trumpets exciting every youthful impulse to a state of frenzy; with the constant cry heard that the flower of the country is marching out to perish, what wonder if thousands of girls not able to serve by fighting, forbidden even to go as nurses, should give themselves to motherhood and their country's future with the same exaltation that the man feels as he follows the colors!

According to a London dispatch, the army doctors and clergymen who are "studying" the subject are of the opinion that the women are attracted by the "physical perfection and trappings of the soldiers." Piffle! These must be the same men who are going to do the "forgiving" act. Is it not quite as likely that the woman hardly sees the personality of the man? He stands for an ideal and brass buttons have little bearing on the case. It is not a time to count the cost; the women are implored and besought by every argument and appeal to serve their country in its time of need. Hasty marriages and marriages in which "love" plays little part have been encouraged and made possible by the highest authorities. It is a short step from that to the elimination of the few words of conventional sanction, where the purpose is the same.

What takes a man from business, from family, from every obligation of a personal, well-ordered life, to hurl himself into battle and possible death? Is it the fascination of the gilt buttons, on the coat they give him to wear? How insulted he would be by the suggestion. And when he faces death in a spectacular manner, he gets an iron cross, or its equivalent. When the woman faces death her reward is "forgiveness." But does any one criticize his manners or consider him other than a shining hero? No one has ever thought of "forgiving" him, even when his methods are wasteful, and the future of the

human race receives a fair share of his attention, if the war correspondents are to be relied upon.

It is all a part of the frenzy of war and should not be glorified in one case and belittled and scorned in the other. War is a road with strange by-paths and an uncertain end. Much that is new and unexpected is bound to come out of this hideous chaos. World temperance and a new social order are already in view. Old standards are being swept away and certainly shame is not a birthright of an innocent babe born in the stress of war. England is not afraid of Germany, but she is all too shy of facing hard facts. Let us have no more glorification of men and "forgiving" of women for what is virtually the same end—the exaltation of war.

FRANK CASE AND THE ANTIS

DISCUSSING the Leo Frank case and the country-wide efforts to have the pardon board of Georgia commute the death sentence to one of life imprisonment, Governor Edward F. Dunne of Illinois, in favoring the movement, says he is opposed to the infliction of the death penalty on criminals that are guilty. So also are not we. It is because there is a large element of uncertainty in the Frank case, the chief witness against whom was a negro, whose contradictory testimony is anything but impressive, that we believe Frank should be given the benefit of the doubt. With the petitions circulated by the "Anti-Capital Punishment Society of America," of which Clarence Darrow, Jack London and Senator John D. Works are members of the advisory board, we have little sympathy. Naturally, Clarence Darrow is opposed to capital punishment; criminal lawyers who have achieved a competence in aiding their clients to evade justice ought to have a sense of gratitude toward the criminal class generally.

Possibly, this explains the attitude of Governor Johnson, whose constant interference with the law in capital cases is helping to make California prisons as full of unhung murderers as is true of Illinois. Governor Dunne argues that capital punishment is no deterrent of crime. Fiddlesticks! Let him compare the low ratio of homicides to population in Great Britain, where capital punishment is promptly and vigorously enforced, with the high percentage in the United States, where former criminal lawyers, elevated to high political office, are found continuing their self-same career of defeating the ends of justice by reprieving and commuting the sentences of murderers. Perhaps, it is brutal for the law to deprive a murderer of any possible opportunity to repeat a capital crime, but the law was framed, primarily, to conserve the public welfare, not to mollycoddle criminals.

What is debasing is the trickery of criminal lawyers in the earning of their fees, the advantage taken of every quirk to delay trial, the postponement of legal processes until the public mind is diverted from the heinousness of the crime and a jury can be selected that will be susceptible to the subsidized pleadings of the artful criminal lawyer. All the good effect of a prompt trial and a swift execution of sentence is dissipated. For this unfortunate state of affairs, so detrimental to the social order, officials like Governor Hunt of Arizona, who is president of the Murderers' Mollycoddlers' Society, Governor Johnson of former criminal lawyer practice and our late lieutenant-governor, responsible for extending the life of one of the most atrocious of murderers, are largely to blame. There are occasions when executive clemency is desirable, as in the Leo Frank case, where local prejudice seems to have warped the collective judgment of the community. As a rule, a jury of twelve good men will give the prisoner the benefit of any doubt by bringing in a second degree verdict, or the trial judge will so word his instructions that leniency in the jury

room follows naturally. Better trust to this well-established form of the law than to change it so drastically that the strongest bulwark in rendering sacred human life is overthrown.

SURPRISES IN PRIMARY ELECTION

PROBABLY, the most surprised candidate for any city office, following the counting of Tuesday's vote, was the chief Whiffenpoof, whose backing and filling in the council chamber, on innumerable occasions, for the last five years, have so exhausted the patience of the community. Not only was he beaten two to one by Sebastian, but his nearest competitor for second place, Robert M. Allen, ran him an uncomfortably close race for the privilege of contesting with the leading candidate at the June election. If the results of the primary vote are any criterion, unless stronger testimony is offered than has been presented at the trial of Sebastian, for contributing to the dependency of a minor, the temporarily self-suspended chief of police will snow under his rival contender for the mayoralty by a two-to-one vote.

This prediction is based on the assumption that a jury of his peers will return a verdict in his favor. If he can wrest so substantial a victory at the primary while the scandalous charges besmirching his reputation are pending, it is a reasonable deduction that with the exoneration of an acquittal the city will rise, en masse, to do him honor. Clearly, the rank and file voters believe Sebastian is the victim of a frame-up; the vote Tuesday, can be construed in no other way. The district attorney, however, is certainly not a party to such an infamous plot, for nobody who knows Mr. Woolwine believes for a moment he would lend himself to so contemptible a procedure. He may have been deceived by the evidence submitted to him, but that is yet to be determined. At this writing the prosecution has more witnesses to offer in corroboration of the story told by the girl. On what they will testify may depend the fate of the chief. It is a curiously complicated trial. Thus far, the prosecution has been palpably weak on dates and to this circumstance the vote Tuesday must be attributed.

Re-election of City Attorney Albert Lee Stephens, City Auditor John S. Myers and City Assessor Walter Mallard is in the nature of reward of merit. All three officials have proved conscientious public servants. Of the candidates for the council the sitting members who aspire to re-election have won place on the ticket, but the vote indicates a warm contest next month among the eighteen nominated. As showing the popular sentiment in the school board controversy, the high average vote polled by the pro-Francis ticket is significant. The entire list is nominated, with five of the neutrals named, two of the seven losing to Messrs. York and Muma. If the same ratio of preference is shown at the regular election it will result in the selection of six pro-Francis men and one neutral, in the person of former Judge Walter Bordwell, whose handsome vote heads the list. This division, in the ratio of six to one, must be as highly gratifying to Superintendent of Schools John H. Francis as it is complimentary to Judge Bordwell.

IF EUROPE WERE A "UNITED STATES"

ITALY and Austria are excellent arguments for the suggested "United States of Europe" as opposed to the continuation of the present division into unfriendly nationalities. Italy as a nation is the creation of the middle of the nineteenth century. In the Roman period the remainder of the country was vassal to the one city, later a mass of constantly warring cities and principalities. The racial differences are about as great as in the whole of Europe. The inhabitants of the northern part are the descendants of Celtic and German tribes grafted on a Latin substratum.

In the south, the predominant races are the indigenous, pre-Indo-European, Mediterranean folk modified by Greek, Latin, and Saracen infusion. Yet they are being made to believe that they are all Italians, a homogeneous people with interests different from and opposed to those of their neighbors. As a real national entity Austria is even younger. With an equal mingling of races she has been for the last quarter century attempting to create from these heterogeneous elements a homogeneous state, giving approximately equal rights to all, as against her former course of domination of a Teutonic minority. If this consolidation, cooperation, and commingling of opposing and diverse peoples can be accomplished in these states, the substitution of the common good for petty differences throughout the whole of Europe ought not to be an impossibility or an iridescent dream, even if it is not to be expected in the immediate future.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

MORE than a hundred thousand children with their parents and guardians made a lively atmosphere at the Exposition Saturday. The first Children's Day, arranged by the Examiner, had to be postponed on account of bad weather and also on account of a misunderstanding with the directors. On this occasion the children were admitted into the grounds for fifteen cents, and the Examiner had induced the majority of the concessionaires in the Zone to pass the little ones free so long as they were armed with the American flag. Special attractions were also arranged for their edification, and the first Children's Day was a complete and wholesome success. The directors will make no mistake if they take this hint from the Examiner and arrange on their own account a special day for the children each month, for the remainder of the Exposition. They have already hit upon the excellent idea of admitting children for a dime apiece when attending in bands of twenty accompanied by a teacher from the public schools. Among the many uplifting features of Saturday's festivity was the bountiful thoughtfulness of a good woman from across the Bay who put in the day between the entrances on Fillmore and Scott streets. She paid the way for every disappointed child she could find who had not the price of admission and, moreover, sent them on their way rejoicing with a dime apiece.

* * *

Turkey's handsome pavilion was dedicated last week. The building and exhibits are valued at a million and a quarter of dollars. The average man on the street is more ignorant about the modern Turkey than about any other country. It is a liberal education alone to meet such a Turk as Vahan Cardashian or even to hear him speak. He is the Ottoman empire's adjutant high commissioner to the Exposition and also counsel to the Turkish embassy at Washington. A young man of the highest culture and splendid energy, very conscious of the misapprehensions in the popular mind concerning his race and nation but determined to counteract them by his example, he has made a unique impression here.

* * *

Joseph Pennell, the most famous of American illustrators, is here to superintend personally the arrangement of his work in the Fine Arts building. Mr. Pennell is fortunate in having a separate room devoted to his drawings and paintings. When asked for an expression of opinion concerning the quality of the paintings exhibited he hedged by saying that there was less poor work foisted upon the art department of this Exposition than upon any he had ever attended.

* * *

George Sterling, the most brilliant of California poets of the day, is home after a year's sojourn in New York. Sterling who for several years has been advertised copiously enough in his native state went to the east with the declared intention of commercializing his muse. But the muse rebelled, and Sterling is still guiltless of a popular song or a moving picture scenario. Happily, he has a rich uncle.

* * *

Rodin is a name to conjure with, and Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels has determined to do some conjuring therewith. Mrs. Spreckels has the best private collection of Rodin statues and bronzes in the world. She is anxious to raise \$1,000,000

(Continued on Page 4, Col 3.)



Browzings in an old Book Shop

IN the autobiographical chapter that opens Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, the Wizard of the North tells of his early reading of the works of Flavius Josephus, the Jewish historian. I had forgotten this incident until I picked up the memoirs the other evening and came across the statement. This reminded me that I, too, had read Josephus, when in my early teens and never since then. It set me to hunting for the works of the distinguished Jewish writer and at the Old Book Shop I was rewarded in a signal manner. I found a 1620 folio, translation by Dr. Thomas Lodge, the English poet and dramatist who, born in 1558 died in 1625, so that my copy was published five years before the translator died and probably received his personal attention in the press. It is not a first edition. The initial publication was in 1602, a second edition was in 1609, and this one of mine was the third; there was a fourth in 1632. Just a word here about Thomas Lodge, who, of course was contemporary with Shakespeare. Modern biographers accredit him to Oxford, but on the title page of this 1620 folio is a wood cut showing the half length of a woman with arms extended having in the left hand a lighted lamp, in the right a conventional Rising Sun, signifying the dissemination of light. The figure is between two young orange trees (they look like) probably, the tree of knowledge of the Garden of Eden; on the pedestal is engraved "Alma Mater, Cantabrigia." I mention this because Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English Literature, published by J. B. Lippincott Company, a carefully edited, excellent work in three volumes (1902) gives Dr. Lodge as a student of Trinity College, Oxford. It should read Cambridge; there is a Trinity College at both universities, which, doubtless, caused the error.

Thomas Lodge did Shakespeare, hence posterity, a good turn when he wrote his euphuistic romance of "Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie." It was published in 1590, and is notable for its excellent verse, of which Mr. Gosse tells us, "nothing so fluent, so opulent and so melodious had up to that time been known in English verse." In addition "Rosalynde" contains many fine descriptive prose passages of which Shakespeare did not fail to avail himself in setting out the incidents of his "As You Like It," following Lodge with remarkable closeness. Except Jacques, Touchstone and Audrey, most of the personages are taken straight from Lodge. Shakespeare has been censured for introducing a lioness and a palm tree in his Forest of Arden, but he copied the anachronism from Lodge, who has the lion, the myrrh tree, the fig, the citron and pomegranate. The romantic writers of the close of the sixteenth century bothered little about consistency and credibility. The plot of Lodge's "Rosalynde" and Shakespeare's "As You Like It" are strikingly similar, but the latter has the charm of the master's touch which is why it is as verdant today as when it was written, while Lodge's "Rosalynde" is known only to bibliophiles and browsers. It was after Lodge deserted lyrics for physics that he turned his attention to the solidier forms of literature and it was at this period that he translated the works of Josephus out of the Latin and French.

Flavius Josephus (Joseph ben Matthias) known as the Hebrew Livy, was born 37 A. D. and died about 95. He was governor of Galilee when Vespasian attacked the city and was one of the few surviving defenders that escaped the sword. Treated with great kindness by the victorious general he was taken to Rome where he adopted the name of Flavius and wrote his chronicles of the Jewish war. His "Antiquities of the Jews," a history of the Jewish people from the earliest times to 26 A. D., is a most comprehensive work and an initial source of information for all historians who have come after. Dr. Lodge in his dedicatory preface to his patron, Earl Nottingham, refers to the work as "this most famous and accomplished historie of the Jewes, which for dignity and antiquitie of the subject, the elegance and puritie of the style, the choise

proprietie and copie of words," has no superior. Lodge's translation embraces (1) A history in twenty books, wherein the antiquity of the Jews is revealed; (2) seven books of the wars of the Jews; two books in defense of the Jews, controverting the arguments of Appian the grammarian; (4) a book treating of the memorable martyrdom of the Maccabees; (5) his life "written by himselfe all."

Truly, it was an unusual, nay, a colossal task that Thomas Lodge essayed and although it may not compare with William Whiston's translation from the original Greek (1737 folio) it ranks, nevertheless, as one of the standard editions of Josephus. Of course, in this browsing it is not possible to consider at any length the contents of the 800-odd pages forming the admirable translation. I remember, many years ago, that the most fascinating part of the work was the description of the siege of Jerusalem and its destruction by Titus. This graphic account is contained in the seventh book of the wars and is a thrilling and detailed recital of the historic fall of Jerusalem. I have reread after a long lapse the story of Mary, the daughter of Eleazar who flying from the suburbs into Jerusalem, was compelled by the thieves of the city to provide meat for them; and how in her dire distress she slew her own babe and cooked it for the cormorants that so relentlessly bled her. It is a tragic tale, related with the simple directness characteristic of Josephus. Of the taking of the main wall of the city and of the burning of the temple a vivid story is told. According to the Jewish historian, Titus was greatly chagrined when news came to him that the temple was in flames. He summoned his captains and strove to subdue the fire, but in vain. Curiously enough it was destroyed in the same month and on the same day that the Babylonians under Nebuchadnezzar, centuries before, reduced it after a siege lasting eighteen months.

This most interesting and entertaining folio is remarkably well preserved. The paper is yellowed but firm and the pica type clear and easy to read. Marginal annotations are on every page giving the date of each event in the year of the world and of Christ's nativity. Decorated initial letters begin every chapter, an exhaustive index is furnished, alphabetically arranged and a complete table of computations of events in history precedes the work. Woodcuts intersperse the chapters. The contents of each book are carefully outlined and the original binding is preserved. Evidently, it has had good care, for the full sheep boards, although worn smooth are still serviceable. The printing was done at London, by Humphrey Lownes. "Dwelling on Bredstreet hill at the signe of the Starre, 1620." It is a choice prize. S. T. C.

"IMAGISTIC" CULT POETRY

RECENTLY, an epidemic of an old disease has broken out virulently in both England and the United States. It is styled the "Imagistic Cult." "Imagistic poetry" consists of three varieties, the Whitman-and-water, the Whitman-and-slush, and the Whitman-and-muck. All the same, it adds perceptibly to the gayety of nations, for it enables every jitney driver to be his own "poet."

One of the most amusing features of the movement is the irregularity in form, without in the least ever reaching the occasional rhythm of Whitman. In fact, the three cardinal principles of "Imagistic poetry" mean a total absence of rhythm, rhyme, or reason. Once this is attained, and the "poetry" is complete. Of course, the "Imagist" will say, "you are envious." The retort obvious is, "Of what?"

Or you may have it hurled at you, "you don't write imagistic poetry, perhaps?" "No! I hope not, 'most potent, grave and reverend signor.'" "Do you imagist?" may become as common a question as the erstwhile query, "Do you tango?"

"Imagistic supporters proceed on the plan of 'love me, love my dog,' and are exceedingly sensitive and wrathful as to criticism or ridicule of their pet failing. Now, while this is their privilege, it pre-supposes a weakness in their product. Cubic painting introduced us to certain in-artistic vagaries, among which was one of 'Lady Descending a Stairway,' which seemed to intelligent observers like a shingle-mill on fire. "Imagistic," or cubic poetry—i. e., poetry by the yard—is usually equally mystifying. Obscurity is one of its salient qualities. And its touters delight in this very opacity, and extol it:

To strange, mysterious dullness still the friend
Admire the verse they cannot comprehend.

Added to this pleasing uncertainty the "Imagist" revels in disjointed and fragmentary construction. Gloom is also a favorite ingredient.

A torrent of perverted verbalism is expected so to confuse the average peruser of the "dope" that he or she will be duly impressed. The wily "Imagist" has adopted what he considers a most subtle method:

He wires in and wires out
Leaving his readers still in doubt,
Whether the snake that made the track
Was going out or coming back.

Occasionally, a supporter takes unwarrantable liberties with the writings of real poets in the attempt to bolster up a case for his cult. Not long ago a reference was made to William Ernest Henley's "In Hospital" as being of the "Imagistic" school. The writer evidently counted on no one but himself having a copy of this little book. Careful scrutiny will show it contains twelve examples of rhythmic, but unrhymed verse, twelve sonnets of regulation form and correctness, and five examples of mongrel, or "Imagistic" verse.

How the world do move! Recent convulsions of the "cubic" in painting, baseball player statues in sculpture, rag-time in music, the tango and camp-meeting twitch in dancing, and the "Imagistic" in "poetry" may be said to have ushered in the true St. Vitus era in art.

However, cheer up! The "Imagistic" dodge is an ancient fake, and is sure to die of itself, as it has done before. A certain Japanese poet, writing in English, and nearly fifteen years ago, was very much "imagistic" in his methods. He had a slight vogue for a short time, but faded. The Whitman "bug" was responsible for most of his lucubrations, as it is for the present day rabineness; I know of only one man among the numerous imitators of Whitman, who wrote real poetry before his fall from grace. Walt was the first bard who celebrated the obstetric muse, but his imitators do not stop at even night-scampering.

Sanity is the foundation of all great creative work. Else a ton of dynamite could blast out an immortal statue; a quart of mixed paint fired from a shot-gun against a yard of canvas could produce a deathless painting; twenty-seven bagpipes playing all together in a small room, and all playing different tunes could evolve great music. There is really something in art, something in design, conception, inspiration, execution, order, symmetry, color, music. Mere force, or a mere avalanche of nouns, verbs, adjectives, prepositions and adverbs is not poetry, however confusingly they may be jumbled together, however obscurely and haltingly they may be mired. It is just as well to recollect this.

It is now in order for some one to spring that old line of Pope's:

Great genius is to madness near allied.

But Pope himself,—one of the widest-quoted writers—was eminently sane, and a stickler for form:

True art in writing comes from skill, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

An "Imagist poet," like Topsy, "jist grows." He does not have to know anything, or for that matter, say anything. If "imagism" is poetry, then the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and "Gray's Elegy" are "doggerel of the deepest dog." If cubic paintings mean anything, then the ruins of the Parthenon are an architectural nightmare.

The pose of the "Imagists" is, "don't dispute us." If you were visiting an asylum for the "gone-minded" and a gentleman came up to you and gravely informed you that he was the king of the Cannibal Islands, you would cordially agree with him. But the absurdity of the "Imagists" is that they claim to be compos mentos while larding out banalities that would make their patron saint, Whitman, turn in his grave could he hear them read.

It is true that there are people of peculiar idiosyncrasies extant in all ages and climes. We have them with us in these days. Gentlemen who affect injections of cocaine in their forearms. Others who fancy opium-smoking, and still others who cultivate weird eccentricities which eventually land them in the seclusion of padded cells. To these, the "imagistic" in poetry and the "cubic" in painting may convey an irresistible appeal.

But this "fad does not mean that the "new era" in literature need prevail to any alarming extent. The asylums are already filled to overflowing. Yet the rare charm of the alleged "imagistic" in poetry ought to attract "the masses," if only by the ridiculous ease by which it may be accomplished. It does not need parodying, being in itself pure parody. Verse libre, or free verse, like free love, makes up in quantity what it lacks in quality; and from its incoherence and meaningless jabber may justly be termed the veritable delirium tremens of art.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY

Life's Little Tragedies---IV

The Fly In Lower Six---By S. T. C.

CARLTON NEVILLE: Twenty-six. First lieutenant—Cavalry, U. S. A. Has just received his promotion and, on leave, is going east to be married. One of Uncle Sam's good-looking, clean-cut, decent youngsters. Tired from his long drive from the army post, he has ordered "lower six" made up and has turned in early to dream of the end of his journey.

MYRA MERRICK: Twenty-four, wife of Ted Merrick, wealthy young stockman, whose ill-health has necessitated a change of climate. The train is crowded and "lower eight" is the only accommodation they can get. After waiting on her sick husband until past midnight, he finally falls asleep. She leaves him to prepare her toilet and, weary beyond words, returns to her berth, sees her husband sleeping heavily, and, without a light, crawls in and almost immediately loses consciousness.

PETER: Colored porter.

(Interior of lower six at 5 a. m. Neville is awakened by the annoying buzzing of a fly. It is early June and the delicious summer of New Mexico is in the air. He quietly raises the curtain, is suddenly conscious of soft breathing near him and turning his head is shocked to find his berth shared by a young and very pretty woman who is sound asleep.)

NEVILLE

(Suppressing an inclination to yell. Then, to himself): Well, I'll be d—d! What sort of a nightmare is this to wake up to? Good lord! What a situation for a near bridegroom! Hang it, she's mistaken her berth, that's a cinch!

(He watches with a fascinated air the gyrations and buzzings of the one lone fly that has awakened him. What will happen if she too is aroused by the impudent little wretch? In spite of his embarrassment the notion seizes his fancy and he finds himself speculating whether or not the fair unknown will shriek with terror or be paralyzed by the discovery of her plight.)

But what about me? If she yells and wakes up the car I can see my finish! Nasty headlines of car scandal telegraphed to the eastern papers for Sally's parents, her hard-headed brothers—and Sally—to read! O lord! O lord! What in thunder shall I do?

(The fly hovers menacingly above the tip of a delicious little nose and weaves in and out of the stray locks that rim the smooth, white forehead of the sleeper. For an agonizing moment Neville believes the little pest will light and waken his unchosen companion. He decides that he will rapidly explain the predicament and beg her to exit quietly and quickly. The fly again soars high and ranging toward the window Neville makes a scoop at it with his concave hand.)

Missed, by thunder! There it goes again!

(With the habit of its kind the fly swirls to the opposite side of the berth to renew its dalliance with the face of the sleeper. Neville hears the aggravating buzzing and mentally determines that Sally will never take his word against the combined skepticism of her family. He groans internally.)

Hell's bells! I never would have believed it possible if anybody had told me a yarn like this. (He jerks his handkerchief from the pocket of his pajamas to mop up the beads of perspiration that are rolling down his cheeks). Trailing Indians isn't a marker to it!

(The fly teeters for an instant on a lock of wavy brown hair and poises irresolutely for a downward plunge or upper flight. Neville mentally decides that his future happiness, his reputation, hangs on the outcome. He emits a quiet sigh of relief to see the tiny bundle of animation back at the window. With his handkerchief he covers the black speck, closes in and a proportion of the daily mortality results for flies is accomplished.)

Now what? She's dead tired, that's sure! Wonder if I can climb across without waking her? It's my only chance! If I call the porter she'll rouse up and be scared to death. I'll try to step out quietly, tell the porter the truth and have him come and call her. It's a forlorn hope, but I'll take it!

(With infinite care he releases the blankets and sheets, turning them over so that they form a ridge between him and the sleeping beauty. Then with head bent low he projects himself forward until his hands rest on the edge of the berth, near her head. He swings one leg of his pajamas

across and feels for the car floor, striking his shoes and causing the sleeper to stir ever so slightly. But, instantly, his left leg has followed its mate and, trembling with emotion and dripping from perspiration, he stands in the aisle—a free man.)

Gad, I'm as weak as a kitten! (He totters down the aisle to the smoking room where the porter is busily polishing the odd numbered berths' shoes.)

PORTER

Is you ill, captain?

NEVILLE

(Glancing at his rigid features in the glass): No, Peter, but I've been in a h—ll of a boat! Who's in lower eight or lower four?

PORTER

Fat old party 'at's snorin' so ha'd's in fo'! Sick man and his wife what done get on at Holbrook's in eight.

NEVILLE

Young woman, good looking, brown hair?

PORTER

Yas, sah!

NEVILLE

He's probably in eight, but she's asleep in lower six—my berth! d'ye understand?

PORTER

Yas, sah! No, sah! How come?

NEVILLE

(With irritation): How come? I don't know! I woke up half an hour ago and found her there, asleep. She's sleeping yet. Probably made a mistake.

PORTER

(Glancing at the stripe in Neville's pajamas): Mist' Merrick—her husband—wears p'jameys like youn. Ah seed em when ah done took him a cup o' watah las' night!

NEVILLE

(Who begins to understand): O, yes. Well, Peter, she's in a deuce of a fix. You must get her out of it. Now, go and shake her gently. Tell her Mr. Merrick is at the other end of the car calling for her—tell her anything so she will get out of my berth!

PORTER

(Dubiously): Yas, sah! (He goes down the aisle to lower six and calls softly), Mis' Merrick, Mis' Merrick!

MYRA MERRICK

(Stirs, opens her eyes and recognizes the porter calling): Yes, yes, what is it? (She parts the curtains and the porter points to the far end of the car. She sees her husband is missing, gives a spring and gathering up her kimona darts along the aisle. As she disappears beyond the swinging door Neville, who has been watching his opportunity quietly slips into his berth. The porter instantly runs after the wife and tells her Mr. Merrick is back. She hurriedly returns, still sleepy and mystified. The porter halts at lower eight behind whose curtains she retreats.)

PORTER

(Poking his head into Neville's berth and showing his teeth): Ah done fix her, sah!

NEVILLE

(Slipping him a silver dollar): You're a jewel, Peter, a jewel! (At that moment an agonizing shriek proceeds from the adjoining berth, followed by the appearance of Mrs. Merrick, crying, "My husband, my husband! he's dead, he's dead!" The whole car suddenly awakens. A doctor turns up who investigates. The man is cold. He has been dead four or five hours.)

TREES

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree,

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the sweet earth's hungry breast

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree!

—JOYCE KILMER in Poetry Magazine.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

(Continued from Page 2.)

for the relief of the wounded on European battlefields. So she is ordering one million photograph copies of Rodin's masterpiece, "Genius of the War," and proposes to sell them for one dollar apiece. To one lucky purchaser out of the million will be awarded the statue itself, or if he does not care to possess the statue he will be given the equivalent in cash, and the Rodin masterpiece will be presented to the city.

* * *

E. S. Armstrong was the only amateur from the South who remained for the long grind of 72 holes in the P. P. I. E. open golf championship. He finished eighteenth. Wretched weather marked the conclusion of the thirteen days golf at Ingleside, the biggest and most important gathering of golfers ever held on the Pacific Coast. "Chick" Evans, the Western amateur champion, returns to Chicago with a number of trophies and also with some tall golf stories or, rather, actual experiences. Last Thursday the wind blew harder than it had blown for twenty years—100 miles an hour off Point Reyes. On one green "Chick" was delighted to find that a blind approach had brought his ball within two or three feet of the cup. When he looked at it again, it was off the green. Which reminds me of the first coast championship held in San Francisco more than a dozen years ago. Among the competitors was Joseph F. Sartori who had the idiosyncrasy of falling back from the tee after his drive. During a gale it was reported at the Presidio clubhouse that the Los Angeles banker had hit the ball so hard that he had been blown into the bay.

* * *

After the departure of the Midwick polo team the game languished, and the remainder of the four weeks' season was filled in with matches between army teams. Usually, the officers were too poorly mounted for fast or interesting polo, and in instances the games were almost a burlesque. When players are forced to ride troop horses, sixteen hands high, the game takes on circus features.

* * *

In another year or so, with the completion of the magnificent new city hall, San Francisco will have public buildings of which she may well feel proud. The new city and county hospital, which has been under construction for the last four and a half years, was formally opened Saturday. Nine of the twelve buildings which eventually will form the hospital, have been completed at a cost of \$2,500,000.

San Francisco, May 5.

R. H. C.

Sympathy

I saw a wandering woman of the street,
Drawn, pale and haggard, thinly clad and cold,
Shivering and nerve-wrecked, borne by laggard feet,
Her shrunken form grown prematurely old.

There was no touch of wanton in her face—
Naught but the misery of grim despair;
No lingering light of happier days, no trace
Of aught but anguished suffering and care.

And then she stopped, and then I saw her bend
And gather from the muck about her feet,
And cherish to her bosom, as a friend,
A poor, bedraggled flower of the street.

—W. H. ANDERSON

The Merchild

I found a merchild on the sands,
No Christian babe was she
For the tiny bunch of her shell pink hands
Was cold as the winter sea.

I cradled her warm on my withered breast,
The babe from out the sea,
But I hid her foam-white body, lest
Men take her away from me;

And all day long I kissed her hair,
As brown as the drifting weed,
And all day long to the moaning prayer
Of the waves, I gave no heed;

But all the night we had to sleep,
No sleep for the bitter moan
Of the sad mer-mother out in the deep—
The mother left alone!

So I kissed her mouth and her blue, blue eyes
And cast her back to the sea;
At peace and still the great sea lies—
I die on a gallows tree.

—VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON

Los Angeles and Chicago Contrasted

---By Randolph Bartlett

WHEN Mayor-elect Thompson assumes the reins of government of the great city of Chicago he is under obligation to the voters of Cook County, who elected him by an overwhelming majority, to bend all his endeavors toward what was called, in the course of his campaign, "a revival of the Chicago spirit," whatever that may be. Now, to be in need of revival, a thing must be dead, or at least comatose, and just what sort of spirit imbued Chicago in former years, that is not now to be found in active working order in that vigorous city, deponent knoweth not, and careth less. Yet it would seem to the casual visitor, dropping in for his first visit, that whatever may be lacking in Chicago as to spirit, in kind, there is still present much in quantity, nor is variety lacking, nor yet aggressiveness. Viewing the situation somewhat superficially, from the vantage point of just a few days, it would seem that the present spirit of the city is rather ponderous, a tendency toward the unduly serious and businesslike. Everyone is working, or striking, which is another and more strenuous form of work, without the financial advantages of work, it is true, and therefore, perhaps, to be removed from the category of toil, and placed in that of "l'art pour l'art." Yet, that, to the outsider, seems to be the spirit of the present day Chicago, a spirit which its people, apparently, deplore to such a degree that they have elected Mr. Thompson for the principal purpose of doing away with it, "gently, or even violently," as Carlyle might have said, and substituting therefor something of the lightness and insouciance of Gotham, or—might one say—Los Angeles.

Not to suggest for an instant that Los Angeles is not a city of workers! That were a heresy which, even at the physically safe distance of two thousand miles, it would be dangerous to utter. Yet, to recall the prize poem of the 7000000000 Boosters Club, which I dare not quote verbatim because of the iron-clad copyright which has been invoked to protect it from sacrilegious and vandal hands such as mine, in Los Angeles people do not devote themselves entirely to labor, but vary the monotony of their industrious lives with delightful recreation. How to reach this highly desirable condition? That is the problem which, I take it, now confronts Mayor-elect Thompson of Chicago, as the first step in his campaign to revive the Chicago spirit. For Chicago has not learned to make a joy of progress, and is weary of mere prosperity. She has learned in the last few months that her prosperity is secure, for when the financial flurry was precipitated by the war in Europe, and New York, nervous and volatile, began at once to prepare for the worst, Chicago plugged along in a quite indifferent way, and did not know that there was any unusual condition prevailing, except that wheat went up many points, and the board of trade was considerably busier than usual.

But the mere making of money and handling the bulk of the real business of the country, must not be confused with the possession of a civic spirit, and without that spirit what is life worth? Nothing, Chicago has decided, and has prepared for a spiritual uplift—the revival to which Mr. Thompson has pledged himself, or lacking enough of what was the spirit of the past to form the nucleus of the spirit of the future, he must create one of his own. And in that task, what better inspiration could he have than to consider Los Angeles, how it grows and with its magnetic personality draws unto itself new blood from all parts of the country. For whatever else Los Angeles may lack, or may be accused by unsympathetic critics of lacking, it certainly has spirit.

There is nothing so elevating and stimulating to the spirits as song. This was the principle recognized at the outset by the 70000000 Boosters Club aforementioned. At the ridiculously low price of \$500 it obtained a song, or at least the words for a song, music for same not yet available despite large bribes offered composers in an endeavor to induce them to tune their lyres in consonance with the lofty muse of the Boosters Club prize poet. At this point I feel a long parenthetical diversion approaching, and yet as it is not unrelated to the subject in hand, let us indulge for a moment, in a consideration of what has just happened at Emporia.

Emporia, Kansas, is a thriving community which circulates about the attractive personality of William Allen White, and in which, by way of return compliment, he circulates his excellent newspaper, the Emporia Gazette. Emporia is

at present in the throes of an "All-Emporia Spring Music Festival" and while the event was made a state-wide affair, the city felt that it could not permit the occasion to pass without expressing its civic consciousness in song. The word was sent out. Let All-Emporia sharpen its lead pencils and wrinkle its brows in a conscientious endeavor to produce a lyric suitable to celebrate the great event. For Emporia is a city of a high average intelligence, and surely there were to be found in its citizenship poets equal to the onerous task. I have seen no record of the number of responses to this call to poesy, but the net result I have seen, and the poet who was awarded the wreath was none other than Troubadour W. Allen White himself. Without more ado let me here append the stanzas which were accepted as the highest available expression of Emporia's civic spirit, this Lay of the Latest Minstrel to be sung to the well-known air of "Maryland, My Maryland."

Oh, here's a song to our old town,
Emporia, Emporia,
And here's a hail to thy renown,
Emporia, Emporia.
Here men have time for work and play,
Here men find justice in their pay,
Here is the place we'll always stay,
Emporia, Emporia.

Oh, here life holds abundant joy,
Emporia, Emporia,
And eager hands find sweet employ,
Emporia, Emporia.
Beneath the shade of thy elm trees,
Where flowers scent the gentle breeze,
Our children bloom like gay heartsease,
Emporia, Emporia.

And so we sing this song of praise,
Emporia, Emporia,
And so we love thy works always,
Emporia, Emporia.
Here we have dreamed of things to be,
And turned hopes into memory,
And woven all our lives in thee,
Emporia, Emporia.

Captious critics might remark that it would have been well for Brother White to have confined himself to his admirable and stately prose. Still others might suggest that it is rather remarkable that Professor Walt Mason, being also a resident of All-Emporia, and an associate of Troubadour White on the All-Emporia Gazette, and a versifier of note, should have been assigned the task of providing the ode. And they who are familiar with the Booster Club epic may be expected to vent jealous spleen in discovering remarkable parallels between that classic and the liting measures of the Emporia product, particularly that deliciously fanciful line,

Here men have time for work and play.

But let the carpers carp! They soon will be forgotten, for it is the creative artist who lives, and the commentator, be he adversely or favorably impressed, seldom speaks for more than the passing moment. The great fact remains—All-Emporia has its hymn.

To return to the main thesis and close this somewhat meandering parenthesis, what Chicago, doubtless, must have, as the first step toward the revival of its spirit or spirits, is a municipal poem, to be set to music if the composers will but come out of the hiding places to which they hied themselves upon reading the Booster Club verses, or, lacking that, to be done after the fashion of the All-Emporia outburst, in such stove-lengths as to fit music already in existence, and of such age that it is safe from the provisions of the copyright law and the wrath of the composer, his heirs, administrators and assigns forever. This should be child's play for Chicago, which is rapidly becoming the center of American art, letters and uplift. Far be it from me, a mere babbler in prose, to endeavor to tell the Chicago poets how to do it, but having passed through several of these rhythmic cataclysms, I will now dash off a few merry lines, merely by way of giving them a cue to the method and manner which have been approved by the best usage in such crises:

Chicago is a great city,*
Built by Lake Michigan.
You go there on the Santa Fe,
The C. N. W., N. P.,
Or almost any road; you see
They go there if they can.

It has an elevated sys-
Tem and Board of Trade.
A Drama League—O joy, O bliss!—
The stock yards—better whisper this—
And many manufactories
Where many things are made.

On State Street there are many stores,
On Clark, and Dearborn too—
In fact on all your down-town tours
You'll find a lot of open doors,

And shops that cover many floors—
Strange, maybe, but all true.

Some streets are paved with asphalt and
Others with granite blocks;
The street cars run to beat the band,
(Providing it is playing and—
Ante) in short Chicago's grand,
In spite of New York's knocks.

For an impromptu I did rather better than I expected, but I will not be fussy about it, and resign all copyright claims in the interest of the welfare of a great city, and if Mayor-elect Thompson of All-Chicago thinks that this little gem will help him out in his laudable effort to revive the Chicago spirit, he is welcome to it. In any event I have suggested to the sweet singers of Chicago the manner in which the task should be approached.

But there are other, more practical matters in which Los Angeles may teach Chicago how to be a really great city. Take jitney busses for example. In all the time I was in Chicago I saw only one jitney bus, and it was acting in an extremely furtive manner, simply crawling along at the same pace as the other traffic, and obviously feeling as much out of place as a Ford at an automobile show. It was not even carrying passengers, and although I made several inquiries as to its probable purpose, no one seemed able to offer a satisfactory theory. The only plausible explanation I can offer is that it belonged out in Oak Park, had wandered too far into the wilds of the city and was trying to find its way back home without being noticed. Surely, Chicago needs more jitneys, a want which could be filled readily by requiring the elevated roads to build extensions on each side of their tracks wide enough for almost-automobiles, a course which, it seems reasonable to assume, would be pursued by the Los Angeles city council in such a contingency.

But what Chicago needs most of all, if it is to reach the heights of civic spiritedness which Los Angeles has achieved, is a fine, imposing temple to the Great God Boost. Or, if it were found desirable not to go to the expense of erecting such a structure, the Fine Arts Museum on Michigan Avenue would be entirely satisfactory for the purpose. At present the building is all cluttered up with a lot of statuary, reproductions of Egyptians and other temples, and the wall space thrown away in the display of paintings and sich like, which can only be looked at, and not used for any practical purpose. With all this trash removed, the building would make a splendid home for a Chicago imitation of the 70000000 Boosters Club, in the absence of which it will be placed under a serious disability. If the Los Angeles organization had but been housed in such a place as this, what might it not have accomplished.

In short, Chicago must learn not to take itself so seriously. The city is too substantial. Its desire must be that of Hamlet—"O, that this too, too solid flesh might melt!" It has been occupied entirely with commercial matters. It has been satisfied with the fact that here center the various interests which handle the food, not merely of the continent, but of a great part of the entire world. It needs to forget these things, or at least subordinate them to the real business of a city, which, as Mayor-elect Thompson has persuaded the great majority of the voters, is the acquisition of spirit, and with the production of a municipal song, the organization of a Boosters Club, and more jitneys, the thing is as simple as rolling off a log.

Chicago, May 3, 1915.

*Say it "cit-ee." What is mere pronunciation in the balance with a perfect iambic?

My Lost Love

O skies beyond the west's red gates
Do you know where my true love waits?

O dews that brush the evening grass
Did you behold a vision pass?

O winds that lift the leaves apart
Have you no trace of my sweetheart?

O stars, has she attained her goal?
The half of my divided soul!

O Christ who prayed by Galilee
Does she look down and pity me?

—ERNEST McGAFFEY

By the Way



Rough on L. A. I. Stockholders

By the reversion of the Baldwin acreage—bought by Charley Elder for the Los Angeles Investment Company several years ago—to the Baldwin heirs, the Investment Company stockholders lose the colossal sum of \$2,400,000, part payment on the land. It is a tremendous blow to the ultimate value of the stock, but I cannot see that the present directors of the company are in anywise to blame. There was a balance of more than four and a quarter millions of dollars, long past due, which could not be met, nor even the interest thereon, and there was no recourse but to let the property go back. I doubt if in the history of realty dealing in the country so large an initial payment made ever resulted so disastrously to the investors.

Off In His Premises

George H. Maxwell is on safe ground when he deals with reclamation projects, but when, in speaking of our coast defenses, as he did at the chamber of commerce smoker Wednesday night, he drew a gloomy picture of the "possible" damage that might be wrought by the invading Japanese he diverges into a humorist, along with Mr. Hearst and other scarehead patriots. Truth is, the Japanese in the United States are rapidly becoming so Americanized, in spite of the inhibition to become citizens, that the Mikado will soon have little hold on them. Several of my friends who employ Japanese help have been sounding out the boys of late and they invariably tell of their love for this country. Asked if they would fight for the Mikado, in the event of a war with the United States, and they have said, falteringly, it is true, that they could not bring themselves to do it. I believe this is typical of the majority.

"Scholarship First" Slogan

Occidental College, as well as Pomona College, is raising the slogan of "scholarship first" in limiting its freshman class for 1915-16 to one hundred and fifty, even as Pomona has drawn the line at two hundred and fifty, and for similar reasons—to the end that the standard for college work in Southern California will rank with the highest. Dr. Baer tells me it will mean that a boy or girl in high school must be prepared in order in order to gain admission to California, Stanford, Pomona or Occidental. It is the purpose of Occidental to emphasize (1) quality of preparation and intellectual promise, (2) personal character and seriousness of purpose. Principals are expected to exact a high standard of scholarship as preliminary to recommendation, and to withhold recommendation from those who are undesirable or unpromising from the point of view of moral qualities or habits. All of which indicates that with increased endowments our Southern California colleges can afford to be more particular in their requirements—another argument for liberal contributions.

Good Guage of Conditions

While the standpat journals continue to make a wry mouth over the alleged bad business resulting from a Democratic administration hard facts and figures tell the opposite story. Thus, in the district of Southern California for April, the exports strikingly reveal the general increase in business. For example, the total value of exports for the month were \$383,098, as against \$117,144 for April, 1914, and \$98,088 for April, 1913. The increase over March is also remarkable, being more than \$100,000 greater. This means that Southern California business men, farmers and fruit-growers are increasing their sales to foreign countries. Of these exports, \$204,182 went to Mexico, \$128,747 went to England, and \$47,700 went to Canada. Shipments to England were principally cotton and steel bars. To Canada, principally oranges and fuel oil. To Mexico, mules, machinery and lumber. More than \$100,000 worth of mules were shipped to Lower California. In addition to the showing on exports, merchandise to the value of \$229,512

was shipped from Southern California ports to Atlantic ports through the Panama Canal in April. Imports for April almost held their own with those of April a year ago, being \$358,500, as compared to \$380,401 in 1914. In April, 1913, the imports were only \$174,159.

Retired Banker Succumbs to Illness

While the death of the elder Charles Seyler was not unexpected, a lingering illness having prepared his friends for the inevitable, the passing of the former cashier of the Farmers' and Merchants' National was received with regret by his former associates, who knew the sterling character of the man. His widow is fortunate in having for her stay and comfort at this time her only son Charles, whose devotion to his parents in the long illness just culminated has been untiring.

New Deal in Tax Assessments

Tax assessments for 1916 will be equalized throughout the county by means of the application of modern tax assessing methods under the direction of the joint bureau of appraisal. This new department of the public service has been created through joint resolutions, and city and county ordinances, passed by the city council and the board of supervisors recently. It has been established through the co-operation of County Assessor Ed W. Hopkins, and City Assessor Walter Mallard, who have agreed to accept the land and building valuations to be worked out through the application of scientific, analytic, and systematic methods of land and building valuation, which will be applied uniformly to all classes of real property throughout the county. The county and city efficiency commissions, civil service commissions, Supervisor Hamilton, and Councilmen Conwell, Whiffen, and Betkouski have been active in bringing about the establishment of this bureau, and it leads to the belief that the consolidation of these functions of the city and county government soon may be brought about.

"Jim" Stafford on the Job

Superintending the new department will be one of my old boys from the lamented Daily News, James G. Stafford, who in the last few years has been making a specialty of modern tax assessing methods, having been in charge of such work last year in Arizona for the Arizona state tax commission. A joint city and county civil service examination was held April 3 for this position, and for several others of a subordinate character, in which a number of local real estate men and appraisers took part. The only one qualifying was the indefatigable "Jim" Stafford and he has been selected by the two assessors as the man to direct the new department. Preliminary details in the department organization, map work and other matters are occupying the attention of the superintendent and his assistants, which will consume several weeks' time; the actual business of making the new assessment will begin about June 1. The offices of the new department are on the fourth floor of the hall of records, in the rooms used by the board of equalization.

Getting Shy of the Camera

Dr. A. D. Houghton, the only successful independent nominee for the council, had an unique experience election day. With a newspaper photographer he sauntered out in the rain to find a woman willing to be portrayed as voting at the polls. After visiting twenty-five precincts they found none obliging enough to face the camera. A possible victim loomed in the district, but she was part of the election board and refused to pose. By this time "the darkness had lowered" and they decided to give up their quest. Mrs. Houghton, who was Miss Florence Gildersleeve, daughter of the late Supreme Court Justice Gildersleeve of New York, was her husband's most ardent supporter, and he attributes much of his success to her able efforts in his behalf.

Noted American Painter Here

William Henry Drake, the best known American painter of animals, has been a guest of Los Angeles for several days. He is here from New York, has been to San Diego and is on his way to the Panama-Pacific Exposition. He tells me that his one hundred and twenty-five water color sketches made in a seven and a half months' tour of the world are on exhibition at the National Academy of Design. These represent the curious country, landscape and people from the Madeira Islands to Santa Catalina. Later, we may see these transcripts on our own walls at Exposition Park. While talking of the subjects he delights in portraying Mr. Drake spoke of his friendship for William T. Hornaday, director of the New

York Zoological Park, better known as the "Bronx Zoo Park" guardian, and of the liberty permitted him in finding models to paint.

Record Trout From San Gabriel

Ernest J. Lickley, the man who made Los Angeles a city without truants, has been having his playtime out San Gabriel river way. Just a little below the intake he angled several days ago, and caught an eighteen-inch Rainbow trout said to be the largest ever hooked there. Mr. Lickley said it was only after a tight struggle that he was able to manage "that fellow" as he puts it. He had only a light tackle and feared every moment that the will of the fish to remain in the water would prevail.

Murderers not to be Mollycoddled

By defeating the Harris bill abolishing capital punishment the thirty-eight assemblymen who overruled their thirty associates have made human life measurably safer in California by so doing. Perhaps, now that the attempt to mollycoddle murderers is given its quietus the thugs in state's prison under capital sentence from Los Angeles will be made to pay the penalty of their crimes without further gubernatorial interference. The tenuous excuse of "investigating" the "merits" of the several cases will no longer avail.

Song to the War Spirit in Man's Soul

Lustfully vengeful, wanton bloodthirstiness
Gripping the hearts of us, stifling the breath in us,
Sons of the Morning turned Sons of the Clod;
Madness is raging and badness is rampant,
Mercy is sleeping and only there's death in us,
Sons of the Devil but once Sons of God.

Now see the blood-fire belch forth from the cannon,
And hear its dread roaring, a monster in pain;
See, Jealousy gleeful is snapping her fingers,
Since with death and not gold do we barter for gain.

While one mighty nation is battling for plunder,
Another as greedy is filching its gold.
And emperors sordid heap blunder on blunder,
All striving for pomp, fame, and riches untold.

While there is hell in us, there is no good in us,
And gone are the days when a brother loved brother;

Is love then a byword and justice a riddle?
Humanity's bawling forth slay one another.
Slay one another and gouge out the heart of him
Why may beg for mercy, or clamor for peace;
And tear out the womb of the prospective mother
Who might bring forth tenderness, goodness increase.

Now we have no need for those weaklings who babble

Of happy millenniums, of service, of love;
Our Christ is a jest, Christianity foolish.
No more do we want Divine Power above.
So kill off in batches those soft-minded beings
Who dare to defy us, or of duty prattle;
Choke the fool throats of them. Spit on the souls of them,
And drown their rash cries in the roar of the battle.

Lustfully vengeful, wanton bloodthirstiness
Gripping the hearts of us, stifling the breath in us,
Sons of the Morning turned Sons of the Clod;
Mercy is sleeping and only there's death in us,
Sons of the Devil but once Sons of God.

—WILLIAM VAN WYCK

Going Home at Night

There's something lurking near the sawmill,
When I pass there in the night,
And 'tis no hobgoblin fancy,
My wan spirit to affright.
Through the darkling wooded pasture,
On a pencilled bar of light,
I think it rides and then awaits me,
When I am going home at night.
'Tis a nameless, formless something,
Settling in around my soul,
Like the sense of sure salvation,
Where the hymn-book billows roll.

The wee old house that's biding yonder,
Whose twinkling window is my goal,
Sends a greeting through the pine tops
Whispering to my listening soul!
If my mother's mind came riding,
On this wave which rolls to me,
And could see the little pictures
In my own she'd like to see,
She would see her portrait glowing
In my home-lit memory,
And firelight, lamplight, homelight
Look like glory light to me!

—WINNETA PATTERSON
Fairhope, Cal.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

It is from many scattered attempts that a moderately good composer is evolved; and it is from many moderately good writers that a really good composer develops. A great composer is not to be found springing from a barren soil. One does not find a gorgeous hot-house rose in the midst of a sandy desert. The work of nine hundred and ninety-nine musicians in the economy of things is to prepare the way for the thousandth man. We know of the score of great composers who stand at the highest pinnacle of fame; then we read of the next hundred or so in the second rank; and, possibly, we know of more lower down in the scale. We study about the score or the hundreds of German writers—but we do not realize the thousands of whom nothing is ever heard, men who are well educated, scholars, pedagogues, perhaps, singing out their little souls in obscurity. But it is from such as these that the great composer finally springs. How about the parents of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Dvorak, Schubert, Schumann, and many more, all obscure men, town-musicians, horn players, fiddlers, some of them. And not only did their genius-sons spring from them, but from the multitude of music-lovers around them and who had preceded them. And so it is the out-pouring of the personal feeling, the active interest in music of the thousands of us who have nothing of permanent value to say, that will one day produce the great composer. Consequently, every effort in the way of serious musical performance, every assistance given the local composer, is a little step nearer the day when the greater composer will arrive. Only a few of him have been born in America, but it is natural to expect genius in greater numbers as the years go on.

Second of the popular programs of the Symphony Orchestra was given at Trinity Auditorium last Friday evening. It concluded a Suppe overture, short numbers from Boccherini and Schubert, a Strauss waltz and the Liszt second rhapsody—all these for orchestra. Then there was a suite for organ and orchestra, by Ernest Douglas and a Chaminade flute concerto, played by Jay Plowe, of the orchestra. The band was hardly up to its usual high standard of performance and part of the program numbers was not suited to a popular program. On the other hand the overture, the rhapsody and especially the shorter numbers were deliciously played. Mr. Douglas proved that he is a capable organist and that he has large resources of composition. Part of his "long suite" was written in fugue style and presented interesting treatment. Most of it is in a rather ecclesiastical style and the orchestration is somewhat organistic, to coin a word. Jay Plowe gave much pleasure to his audience by the virtuosic performance of the concerto by Chaminade. Though his orchestral backing inclined to heaviness he called from his instrument all its capabilities. The audience was not of expected proportions, possibly, the cool weather having its effect on the attendance. And it may be that the public prefers vocal to instrumental soloists; only a trial will prove that.

Olga Steeb made a great success at Festival hall, on the San Francisco exposition grounds, recently, playing to

an audience said to number 3500 persons. She received several recalls and quite an ovation. She is expected at the home of her parents soon.

Under the directorship of John D. Beall there was given at the University M. E. Church last week a concert of unusual caliber and thoroughness of performance. Dubois' "Seven Last Words" was the main number and Mr. Beall's chorus, orchestra and soloists gave a performance of a merit that should have had a more centrally located stage and a larger audience.

Mrs. Alfred Hertz is more than sharing the welcome given to her distinguished husband in Los Angeles. For two or three seasons she was in the local musical colony, before her marriage to the Wagnerian conductor, as Lily Dorn. She has many friends and admirers who, doubtless, will make her summer here a round of pleasure. Mr. Hertz is taking a look at the preparations for the performance of "Fairland" for a few weeks. Then he goes East for a performance of "Siegfried" in Cambridge, Mass., after which he returns here to rehearse and conduct the Parker prize opera July 1.

Local chapter of the Guild of Organists is true to its purpose of creating interest in organ and church music and its latest plan is to give a series of recitals in the churches, free to all comers. The first of this series was given last Sunday afternoon at Westlake church, by Sibley Pease, the organist of that church and his vocal quartet. Tomorrow the second is announced for Trinity Auditorium, by Arthur W. Blakeley.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach made many admirers at the reception given her at the Friday Morning Club. She spoke briefly in appreciation of the courtesies extended her. The musical program was given by Grace W. Mabey, Bessie Chapin, Oscar Nissen, William Bassett, Sybella Bassett, Aurelia Wharry, Gertrude Ross, Mary O'Donoghue, Mrs. Dorothy Thayer, Anthony Carlson and Mrs. Guy Bush. Several of Mrs. Beach's songs and her sonata for violin and piano, opus 34, were on the programme, as well as compositions by several local composers, including Gertrude Ross, Roy Lamont Smith and Frank H. Colby.

Mrs. Beach, Marcella Craft, A. J. Goodrich and other musical celebrities were guests of the Dominant Club at the Ebell club house last week, on which occasion about a hundred of the local musicians gathered to do honor to the visiting notables.

Following the appearance of Lucia Forrest Eastman, harpist, at the Gamut Club, her recital at the Ebell Club last week added proof of her command of her harp. She has a large technic on her unusual instrument and plays with delicacy and good taste. She was assisted by Mrs. Ryus, at the piano and by Helen Kimball in readings.

In Harold Gleason, Homer Grunn has a pupil of whom he may well be proud. Mr. Gleason has been heard at the Gamut Club affairs, but last week gave a program of larger works at Blanchard hall which demonstrated his powers in bigger settings. The heavier numbers on his program were the MacDowell "Sonata Tragica" a

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Other Real Estate Owned.....	19,705.52
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Cash and Due from Banks.....	4,173,409.26

\$14,037,450.60

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Reserve for Taxes	12,056.68
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Liszt "Legend" and "Hungarian Fantasia." I understand Mr. Gleason also is an organ and theory pupil of Morton F. Mason and is organist of the First Methodist Church of Pasadena, all of which proves him a rising young man in his profession.

Rowena Holtzmann will give a recital at Symphony hall next Saturday night, assisted by Kenneth C. Davis, violinist. Miss Holtzmann has a rarely deep and rich contralto voice in which her teacher, R. T. Roberts, takes much pride.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Cheaters

CLEAN-CUT and vitally contrasting characters silhouette the background of Louis K. Anspacher's new play "The Unchastened Woman," seen for the first time on any stage at the Burbank Theater last Sunday afternoon. The lines of this play stir one intensely; they are of the elements of verity, and are keenly penetrating in their reflection of humanity. The theme might make it a morality play, though it savors of French intrigue, and is written in prose without preachment qualities. Its moral is—if you hold dear the welfare of your wife don't make your setting in-harmonious by hankering after the

ible transcript of the trend of modern times—has taken up with a young artist abroad. They travel about together, at times chaperoned and often unattended. The artist dutifully writes home of their "good times" to the waiting young wife whose star hope of existence is Lawrence's career, which she has made possible because of her labors for him. Hubert, Caroline's husband, merely her "hotel keeper," has committed indiscretions—this fact she holds as a "whip-hand" over him. In the development of the situation, Lawrence and Hildegarde are entangled and several others come into collision which, however,



SCENE FROM "THE BRIDE SHOP," AT THE ORPHEUM

glitter and bauble of life and giving heed to the attentions of designing personalities, who promise a possible fame as a reward for lap dog devotion.

Laurence Sanbury, who is the central figure in the plot, learns this truth nigh to his undoing. He is a weakling with rare moments of genuine feeling, and, as portrayed by Edmund Lowe, usually so conservative in his rendering of a role, a little too impossible. Briefly, the story has to do with Caroline Knollys, best described by her husband's terse remark, "She's a mental bluebeard—and I am the hotel keeper of her palace," a vampire of the refined class—and a plausible

does not prove serious when Lawrence awakens to the extent of his weaknesses. One saving clause which leaves hope lingering within is stated in the last act. Though "the unchastened woman" remains unchastened to the end, as Hubert says, "the fact of her heart having been slightly touched in her feeling for Lawrence, is in itself of value."

Emily Stevens' Caroline as an individual interpretation has sterling qualities. She endows the character with spirit so that it measures up to the requirements of the role. This is Miss Stevens' first appearance here in a leading role, though she has previously won favor in Los Angeles

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Pantages

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in support of Mrs. Fiske, who by the way is her cousin. Christine Norman made Hildegarde Sanbury a vital entity and one particularly enjoys her acting and control in the over-emotional scenes. Lillian Elliott's Mrs. Murtha was done to a turn, even to the black eye. Grace Travers as Susan Ambie and Winifred Bryson in the trying role of Emily Madden are entirely satisfactory. Forrest Stanley gives a dignified rendering of "Hu-

bert Knollys—one recognizes little in him save his voice. Louis Bennison's Michael Krellin is played with distinction. When Edmund Lowe abandons the farce-comedy finish he gives Lawrence, the splendid acting in the mass will make this drama one of the most finished and acceptable plays offered at this theater for some time.

It is a pity that the setting provided in the hangings of the first act offer so incongruous a massing of colors

and when compared with the sumptuous background presented with "Big Jim Garrity" falls far short of the demands. Possibly, the lapses in action are due to faulty stage management or disconnected lines—it was difficult to judge at a first performance, but whatever the cause they should be eliminated as the chatter they occasion is most annoying. It is worth while noting that the play has been bulletined by the local Drama League, the first of Mr. Morosco's productions to receive that attention.

Perfect Vaudeville at the Orpheum

When solid, continuous applause which demands an encore and will not take a bow for an answer, follows a vaudeville act, it means that the audience is thoroughly pleased; when such approval follows every act on the bill, it means perfect vaudeville. Such is the condition at the Orpheum this week—from the Kerville Family of trick billiardists who open, to "The Bride Shop" which concludes the bill, everything is highly satisfactory to the audience. Indeed, this is one of the best bills that has been shown here in months. Andrew Tombes, star in "The Beauty Shop," is the shining light of the program. It is hard to tell whether his double-jointed mouth or his equally limber legs produce the more laughs—either feature is worth the price of admission. Then there are pretty girls galore—and clothes! What clothes! There is enough cleverness compressed into half an hour to serve a dozen of the ordinary musical comedies. It seems a pity to use up so many good ideas in such a short space when so many "shows" are deprived of even the faintest glimmer of originality. Lina Abarbanell—name to conjure with in musical comedy—sings many of the old-time favorites as only she can sing them, and the number of encores to which she responds indicates that Los Angeles hopes that her first appearance here will not be her last. Another musical act, though of a different character, is furnished by the Seven Colonial Belles, whose orchestral effects are particularly pleasing. Lew Hawkins undertakes that most difficult thing, a monologue, and gets away with it to everyone's satisfaction. The holdovers, Madame Yorska, James Hyams & Leila McIntyre, the Kervilles and Parillo and Frabito are all well received.

"Unchastened Woman" Continues

Louis Anspacher's new play, "The Unchastened Woman," has proved so strong an attraction at the Burbank Theater that the management has decided to continue it for another week. Its brilliant lines and stirring situations make it an unique vehicle. Christine Norman and Emily Stevens are most satisfactory in the leading roles and the supporting cast, with Forrest Stanley in the lead and Edmund Lowe, Louis Bennison, Lillian Elliott, Grace Travers and Winifred Bryson are giving a performance they have rarely equaled in any other play.

Pavlowa at the Mason Next Week

Patrons of the Mason Theater will have the rare privilege of witnessing, the coming week, one of the most unique programs ever offered at this theater. Pavlowa is the attraction—and a Pavlowa program is most unusual. In construction it is much like an opera, resembles a drama, and at the same time is like a dance. The ballet as it will be seen here is in reality an opera in unspoken words, the story being told in pantomimic action, accompanied by superior music. The symphony orchestra, which Pavlowa carries with her, is under the direction of Mr. Theodore Stier, and is said to be one of the best balanced musical organizations of the day. Pavlowa is

now making her farewell tour of America. This embraces forty thousand miles of travel. Her engagements in various cities have been limited to single performances, and the only extended engagements are to be in Los Angeles and San Francisco. M. Volinine, premier danseur classique of the Imperial Opera at Petrograd, is Pavlowa's principal dancing partner, and M. Ivan Clustine will dance in her soiree of modern ballroom numbers with Pavlowa. Other noted artists with her are M. Oukrainsky, Mlle. Plaskovietzka, Svirskaia, Kuhn and others.

"Bride Shop" Continues at Orpheum

Anyone with a grouch to dissipate will find plenty of amusement at the Orpheum the week beginning with the matinee performance, Monday, May 10. It is the finest laughing bill presented in some time and the program has few serious moments. Only one act remains from this week, and that is the lively, fascinating, lingerie-ous "Bride Shop," with Andrew Tombes as the prime gloom chaser, and Lola Wentworth, a dainty Dresden prima donna. The two headliners who will set Tombes a hot pace, are Morton and Moore, of "Tik Tok" fame, and Alan Brooks and his company. The former bring a lot of fun, frolic and fatuity. Brooks comes with a good company in a lively little farce, "Straightened Out." It has to do with a man and a "morning after." Another skit is by Fred J. Ardath and his company of humans, geese, dogs, pigs and other animals. It is prepared "down on the farm" in Oregon—based on fact, but funny, nevertheless. "The Three Rubes." Bowers, Walters and Crocker, with their ludicrous backwoods gymnastics, return; Frances Lucille & Jimmy Lucas patter through a live-wire act; the Two Carltons, "phlegmatic gymnasts," do athletics with the sangfroid that makes hard tricks seem easy, and Julia Curtis, with a wide range of voice, vocalizes in many keps with many new songs. There will also be the orchestral concerts, and the Pathe twice a week news views to round out and complete a capital bill.

Good Bill at Pantages

Herbert Lloyd is the feature at Pantages for the week beginning with the matinee Monday, May 10. He presents his famous "Discordia" Vaudeville Review and "The King of Diamonds." This act is a burlesque of an entire vaudeville program and the fun is added to by his three "queens" and a jack-of-all-trades assistant. Lloyd in turn is juggler, contortionist, magician, wire walker, musician, animal trainer, female impersonator, crayon artist, comedian and clog dancer. Another popular act is given by Willy Zimmerman, who does new impersonations, in which he specializes in war lords. Arnenssens, the sensational balancer, furnishes thrills with his "slide for life," in which he toboggans from gallery to stage, balanced on his head on a steel cable. Other acts are Tom and Stasia Moore, a comedy couple whose return is always welcomed; Amedeo, the accordionist, another old friend; Weily and Ten Eyck in "The Gambols of the Gods," a classical dancing act, and Jimmy Britt, former lightweight champion of the world, who will be the special added attraction. Britt has never appeared here in vaudeville.

Schwab Visits the Mission Play

Men and women of note who visit Los Angeles never overlook seeing the Mission Play out San Gabriel way. This last week Charles Schwab of the Bethlehem Steel Company, with a party of friends attended the performance and filled two loges. Mr. Schwab expressed himself as deeply impressed with the historical pageant.

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WITH THE MOTION PICTURES

Last Week of Clansman at Clune's

Monday afternoon ushers in the twelfth and last week of the Clansman at Clune's Auditorium Theater. From the two eastern cities in which the film has been shown come wonderful reports of its success. Crowds are witnessing each performance here.

"Clemenceau Case" at Miller's

Miller's for the week beginning Monday offers a return engagement of Theda Bara in "The Clemenceau Case." This was arranged for those unable to see this film drama at the former run because of the weather conditions. Miss Bara's portrayal of the role of Iza, the serpent woman in Dumas' startling drama, is one long to be remembered. Local critics declare it to be one of the best moving picture productions and practically every player and producer of note in and about Los Angeles has seen and praised this drama. The supporting cast is headed by William Shay, Stuart Holmes and little Jane Lee, the accomplished child actress. An added attraction is the latest series of the "Exploits of Elaine" stories.

First New Mutual Series at Woodley's

What promises to be one of the most unusual photoplay productions of the year will be seen at the Woodley the coming week. Robert Edeson, celebrated matinee idol, will appear in "On the Night Stage." This is one of the new series of mutual master pictures produced under the personal direction of Thomas H. Ince of the New York Motion Picture Company. Robert Edeson is seen as the fighting parson, known in the play as "the sky pilot." He has a part calling for virile, dramatic acting, and lives up to the opportunities offered him. Rhea Mitchell, William S. Hart, and an all-star cast support the noted star in making this photodrama a tense and vibrant spectacle. The story is of a dance hall girl, wedded to the parson, in love with a road agent, and beloved of a typical

Arizona "bad man." How this eternal triangle straightens itself out is not made clear until the last few feet of film. As a special added attraction Lottie Pickford, sister of the better known Mary, will be seen in the second installment of the new serial "The Diamond from the Sky," which is meeting with instantaneous success.

Mlle. Nansen, Quinn's Garrick

Betty Nansen, the celebrated star with the title of "the royal actress of Europe," will be seen at Quinn's Garrick the coming week in "The Celebrated Scandal," a five reel photoplay version of William Faversham's greatest stage success. "The World and His Wife." The play was originally written by Jose Echegaray, known as "the Spanish Shakespeare" and deals with the deadly results of scandal and gossip. This will be Mlle. Nansen's first appearance at Quinn's Garrick. A special musical program has been arranged to accompany this unusual picture. Wilton Lackaye, the popular matinee idol, will be seen in "Children of the Ghetto" for the last times today and tomorrow.

Archibald Coming to Trinity

After delivering one of his now famous war talks at Grey's Armory, Cleveland, recently, James F. J. Archibald, the Scribner war correspondent who appears at Trinity, May 17 and 20, was asked by an enthusiastic listener, "Why, Mr. Archibald, are you not at the front now?" to which the intrepid traveler replied, "I returned to tell you a story the papers would not publish." Archibald was commissioned by Scribner's to join the German and Austrian armies in the field, while his confrere, Richard Harding Davis, was assigned to the Allies. Needless to say that the extremely vigilant censor used his blue pencil vigorously and the pith of many of his startling narratives were unceremoniously altered. He therefore returned to America to give the world a story of unvarnished truth regarding conditions as he found them at the front.

Social & Personal

PARTICULARLY gay has this week been for Mr. and Mrs. J. Langford Stack, their host of friends vying with one another in social attentions, prior to their departure for their new home in Chicago. Among the smart affairs which have been given in their honor was the supper last Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willis H. Booth of 1010 Magnolia avenue, nineteen guests enjoying the pleasant occasion. Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Loren D. Sale of 331 Ardmore avenue entertained with a dinner party of fourteen, taking their guests to the Orpheum later. This was followed by a supper at the Alexandria. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine of 1201 Lake street contributed a dinner Wednesday, which was charmingly informal, twelve guests being invited. Several other pleasant affairs were also given in their honor. Mr. and Mrs. Stack are leaving today for their home near Chicago.

Honoring his mother, Mrs. A. M. Gates, a most delightfully-arranged luncheon party was given Wednesday afternoon at the Craggs Country Club by Mr. Carroll W. Gates of South Pasadena. Mrs. Gates, who will pass the eighty-third milestone of her life's journey early in July, is of charming personalities and thoroughly enjoys every one of the pleasures of modern life especially automobiling. The guests motored up in the morning and after luncheon enjoyed a tramp in the foothills and later were joined by their host and a merry party from town, who came for dinner and informal dancing afterward. A dozen guests enjoyed the luncheon including Mrs. Gates, Miss Victoria Rhodes, Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth, Mrs. Guy Cuzner, Mrs. John Newton Russell, Jr., Mrs. James Taber Fitzgerald, Mrs. Howard Schoder, Mrs. J. C. Bannister, Miss Alexander B. Barrett, Mrs. Stratham Barrett of Henderson, Ky., and Mrs. Charles Gates. Seventy-five guests enjoyed the dinner and dancing, returning to town soon after midnight. Mrs. Gates and Miss Rhodes will leave the first of the week for the north where they will enjoy a month's visit at the San Francisco Fair.

This morning a jolly party motored to the Craggs for the week-end including Mr. and Mrs. William Threlkeld Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. William Howard Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Myrick, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Mott, and Mr. and Mrs. Willard James Doran. They will return to town Monday.

Mrs. Frank Griffith was the charming hostess at an informal luncheon Thursday afternoon, when eight guests were invited in and the afternoon was passed playing auction bridge.

It looks as if the naval ball to be given at the Shrine Auditorium, Thursday, May 20, will eclipse in prominence and number of patrons and patronesses, any event of the social season and it is for one of the worthiest of causes, the benefit of the widows and orphans of the brave men who sank to death in the submarine F-4 near Honolulu a few weeks ago. A vaudeville program that promises to be well worth while is being planned. Sailors dancing the merry hornpipe will also be a feature. The big auditorium will be decorated with flags brought from the ships anchored off San Pedro. The idea of giving this ball was first conceived by sev-

eral of the men on the submarine division of the Pacific fleet stationed at Los Angeles harbor and the jacksies along with the commanding officers are working enthusiastically for the success of the affair. Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner is interesting herself in the coming event and lending efficient aid in the planning to make the ball a success from every stand point.

Wednesday afternoon at a smart little tea given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori in Twenty-eight street, announcement was made of the betrothal of Miss Juliet Boileau to Mr. George Wallace. This choice bit of news came as a great surprise to the dozen or more friends of Miss Boileau, who had been invited to the informal little party. Miss Boileau is one of the most attractive young women in Los Angeles society and already a round of gayeties is being planned for this popular debutante. Mr. Wallace is assistant cashier of the Security Trust and Savings bank of which Mr. Sartori is the president. No date for the wedding has been set for the event which will undoubtedly be a brilliant affair. Among those at the announcement tea were Mrs. Paul Grimm, Mrs. Roy Silent, Mrs. William Howard Thomas, Miss Daphne Drake, Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Amy Busch, Miss Virginia Walsh, Miss Constance Byrne, Miss Lucille Ballard, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Rosemary Sartori, Miss Boileau and Mrs. Sartori.

Mrs. Morgan Adams of Chester place entertained with an attractive luncheon Tuesday in compliment to Miss Madeline King. Miss King has been away from Los Angeles for several years in which time she has won a place for herself in the histrionic world.

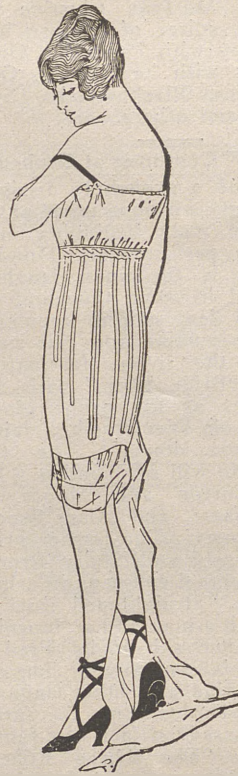
Mr. and Mrs. Avery McCarthy, their young son, and maid, left Thursday for a visit of a month in San Francisco. Miss Elsa and Miss Dorothy Morphy of Santa Monica went north with Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy and will be their guests for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robinson entertained with a small dinner party Monday evening. The guests who motored down early in the afternoon for a game or two or tennis before dinner included Mr. and Mrs. Avery McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Allen and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cheney.

Mr. Frank Hadley, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hadley, has returned to Los Angeles to make his home. Mr. Hadley lived for several years in China where he held an important position with the Standard Oil people. For a time he acted as consul in Peking. Mr. Hadley's wife and baby will arrive soon from Santa Barbara, where they are visiting friends.

Invitations have been issued by Miss Ruth Frackelton and Miss Mabel Ruth Cooper for a reception to be given Saturday afternoon, May 15, at 2211 Fourth avenue, in honor of Mrs. Evelyn Fletcher-Copp, well known for her famous Fletcher method of teaching music. Mrs. Copp is here to attend the Federation of Music to be held soon. Those who will assist the hostesses in entertaining include Mmes. Harmon D. Ryus, J. T. Fitzgerald, Leslie Hewett, J. C. Wilson, Edward Ellis, A. L. Gude, Gertrude Ross, M. E. Elliott, Robert Voight, Anna Smith, Gracia Boynton, Lucille Roberts, Sylvester Weaver, William

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Deimling, Alice Frackelton, Irving Cowles, C. C. Hutton, Misses Mary O'Donoghue, Liela Cooper, Edna Jones, Grace Grenage, Eva Francis Pike, and Miss Supplee. Those who will assist at the tea tables are Mrs. Robert Shrader, Mrs. Carl Kahler, Miss Marjorie Hicks, Miss Dot Mosher, Miss Vere Norton and Miss Kittle. Four hundred guests have been asked to the affair.

Mrs. John A. Fairchilds of the Mayfair, St. James Park, will entertain a dozen friends at luncheon Tuesday afternoon, the guests motoring to the Craggs Country Club and later auction bridge will be played.

The many friends of Mrs. Marguerite Buckler Stevenson, the charming house guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth, will be interested in learning that she has taken an apartment for the summer at the Kaniwald in Lake street. Many affairs have been given in honor of this visitor who is looking forward to the visit of her mother, Mrs. Marguerite Buckler of El Paso, Texas, June 1, to pass the summer with her.

Large parties of the younger social set are making preparations to participate in the excursion planned by the Sierra Madre Club to Santa Barbara. The entertainment committee intends to make it the last word in de luxe outings, having arranged for an all-steel train carrying both a tango and an auction bridge car. The Sierra Madre joy seekers will leave at nine o'clock the morning of May 29, on their own special train, taking with them the regular Sierra Madre Club orchestra. Dancing and cards will be enjoyed en route. On the arrival at Santa Barbara the club members will be taken under the chaperonage of Milo H. Potter, who has arranged a special reception for them at the Potter hotel, as well as a dinner dance in the evening. Boating,

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fishing, bathing and motoring will be enjoyed during the two day visit, with a golf tourney Sunday and Monday mornings. The party will return to Los Angeles late Monday afternoon.

This (Saturday) afternoon a special children's afternoon dansant will be staged by the entertainment committee of the Sierra Madre Club for the children of the members and their friends. The dansant will be exclusively for children under fifteen years of age. A series of fancy exhibition dances by the little ones is being arranged by Miss Norma Gould, who has the affair in charge.

Mrs. J. Kingsley Macomber is again at home after staying several weeks in San Francisco, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. E. M. Boggs. Mr. Macomber went up last week to enjoy a few days at the exposition and return with Mrs. Macomber.

Dr. and Mrs. John W. Trueworthy and their daughter, Miss Alberta Trueworthy, are at home to their friends at the Prince Rupert, Ingraham and Witmer streets, having leased their home at 722 Garland avenue.

Miss Mildred Moore, who has been a visitor in Los Angeles for several weeks, the house guest of Mrs. Roy Silent, Mrs. Dean Mason and Mrs. Dan Murphy, has returned to her home in San Jose. Miss Moore was accompanied north by Mrs. Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge Dexter Rand are receiving congratulations on the recent arrival of a baby daughter. Mrs. Rand will be remembered as Miss Lucile Gage, elder daughter of ex-Governor and Mrs. Henry T. Gage. Since her marriage a few years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Rand have lived abroad. Mrs. Rand, accompanied by her little daughter Francesca, returned to the home of her parents several months ago. Mr. Rand reached Los Angeles early in April.

Mrs. C. L. Wallis of Harvard boulevard and West Sixth street entertained with an informal bridge luncheon Tuesday. Pink roses were used to form a pretty floral center for the tables and twenty-four guests enjoyed the occasion.

Among the many delightful parties given in compliment to Mrs. Charles T. Whitney of Portland, who this week is the house guest of Mrs. William Mead of 2401 North Vermont avenue, was the luncheon given Wednesday at Hotel Darby with Mrs. E. S. Easton as hostess. Cecile Bruner roses were artistically arranged for the table decorations and places were set for Mrs. Charles T. Whitney, Mrs. John W. Kemp, Mrs. William Mead, Mrs. B. V. Collins, Mrs. Edward A. Featherstone, Mrs. Arthur J. Waters, Mrs. Hugh Harrison, Mrs. Frank B. Rice, Mrs. Randall Hutchinson, Mrs. Walter Deering, Mrs. R. A. Perez, Mrs. Reid, Miss Marie Mulen and the hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander B. Barrett of 1735 Orchid avenue have as their house guest, their sister-in-law, Mrs. Stratham Barrett of Henderson, Ky. This attractive visitor has many friends in Los Angeles and many affairs are being planned for her entertainment. Mrs. Barrett is giving a charming bridge luncheon today, in honor of her guest, to which Hollywood friends only are invited. About twenty-eight guests are to enjoy this particular party.

College of Music, University of Southern California, announces a piano and pipe organ recital by Miss Guelph McQuinn, of the senior class, in the First Congregational Church, Friday evening, May 14. The "Tone Weavers' Club," a women's chorus of sixteen voices under the direction of Mrs. Robbins, will assist; also Virgie Lee Moore, the contralto of the church. The public is invited.

Ninth Symphony Next Week

Beethoven's wonderful Ninth Symphony, never yet heard west of Chicago, will be produced by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra at the final concerts of the season, to be held at the Temple Auditorium Monday afternoon, May 17; and Tuesday evening, May 18. With the orchestra on that occasion will be heard a chorus of two hundred voices from the Woman's Lyric and the Ellis clubs, this marking the first time that members of these two leading musical organizations have appeared together in public. Solo parts will be sung by Mrs. Robert Smith, soprano; Mrs. L. J. Selby, contralto; Roland Paul, tenor, and Clifford Lott, baritone. The production is the biggest thing musically ever undertaken west of Chicago.

Presentation of this great work here, Director Adolf Tandler confesses, will come as the realization of a dream he first entertained fifteen years ago in Vienna. Then he planned to produce the Ninth Symphony in the Austrian capital and made all his preparations until he came to the organization of a chorus of women's voices capable of giving an adequate interpretation of Beethoven's score. Then he found that the voices were not to be secured and was compelled to abandon his ambitious project. Here, however, no such difficulty presents itself and the orchestral parts which Herr Tandler prepared for that Viennese performance which never was held will be used here for the first time.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is generally regarded as the magnum opus of the world's greatest composer. According to Director Tandler it is his last will and testament given to mankind. "Nowhere in music," says Herr Tandler, "is there a more pathetic or impressive expression of human love and brotherhood. The first three movements, for orchestra alone, run the entire gamut of all human passions from deepest sadness to fullest joy. The third movement is conceded by musicians to be the greatest ever written for orchestra. Wagner referred to it as the 'music of music.' The finale, a musical setting of Schiller's 'Ode to Joy,' preaches the text: 'Let us be brothers.' Beethoven was philosopher and philanthropist as well as musician, and nowhere does his philosophy find kindlier, warmer expression than here. It was his last composition. Ostensibly, he conducted its first performance himself, but he was so deaf that he could hear not a single note of his own music. It was composed, too, at a time when he was greatly hampered by deafness, yet it marks the pinnacle of his fame."

The Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra will be augmented in number for the presentation of this great work, which will bring to a notable close a season that has proved to be the most successful artistically in its entire history. Rehearsals already held assure a highly meritorious rendition. Preliminary chorus rehearsals, too, under Director Poulin of the Women's Lyric and Ellis clubs, make it certain that the vocal music will be given brilliantly. Seats will go on sale Monday morning, May 10, at Trinity Auditorium. The concerts, however, will not be given at Trinity, but at the Auditorium-Clune's, Fifth street and Olive.

In the May Magazines

"Lovely Woman at the Exposition" is photographically and otherwise described by Frances A. Groff in Sunset Magazine. She has presented her in an official capacity and as a force behind important factors in the development of the country. To cite an instance of interest "the laces exhibited by one man and one firm of men had back of them the skilled labor of sixteen hundred women." A



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treatise on "The Chinese Policy of Japan" has received efficient handling by K. K. Kawakami who tells of Japan's ignorance fifty years ago of foreign trade and her disregard of the advantages of colonial expansion. He further remarks that "the Japanese were well satisfied with the conditions then prevailing in their tranquil islands," and that the rude awakening only came when Western Powers thought they knew better the business of that country than the Japanese themselves. Other features are light fiction and Henry McD. Spencer's "Democracy De Luxe."

Announcement is made of a book by Professor John W. Burgess, "The European War of 1914: Its Causes, Purposes, and Probable Results," just issued by A. C. McClurg & Co. Professor Burgess views with apprehension what he calls the present anti-German craze in this country. He considers it not only unreasonable, but unjust, and un-American. The

success of the Allies, he asserts, would be detrimental to American interests. Professor Burgess was formerly professor of constitutional and international law and political science, philosophy, and pure science in Columbia University.



Art



By Beatrice de Lack Krombach

Edwin M. Dawes, whose exhibition of landscapes was so well received, has been the recipient of another honor. His "Winter Landscape," shown with the first annual exhibition of the St. Paul Art Institute, has been awarded a medal. Donna Norrine Schuster, also known to local fame, was likewise given an award at this exhibition. These two Minneapolitans have closely followed each other in the matter of awards. Mr. Dawes recently receiving the gold medal from the Minnesota State Art Society and Miss Schuster a silver one. In view of this recognition of the merit of Mr. Dawes' work I asked him concerning his impressions of California values from the artist's standpoint.

* * *

"California," he admitted to me, "is difficult to paint. Her colors are so elusive. Not alone because of local conditions, but more generally because of the peculiar aerial qualities. Then, too, the elements are so diversified. One may paint a winter landscape today and tomorrow develop a perfectly good midsummer scene. Such phases of nature are a vital asset to the artist and he cannot afford to ignore their value. I should like to have a winter studio here because of these advantages. I don't feel that I have painted California as I should like to interpret her beauties, but when I come again, and know her landscape better, I hope to do so. My greatest difficulty has risen from atmospheric conditions—that palpable veil enveloping things makes colors hazy, though they really are beautifully distinct and subtle. Another fact which I have noted is that while the colors here are as luminous as those of the

east, their values are richer and in a lower key. Vital contrasts, too, are distinctly defined. Beautiful greyish green masses blend close beside brilliant patches of orange and yellow, whereas in the east the yellows and reds have subdued lights and the cooler greens and blues are more vivid. This color scale is only to be witnessed, however, in the spring and summer here, for in the fall in the east the tones are richer and more brilliant than any I have ever seen in California. The light forces are so intense here that one cannot help painting in brighter, purer color. A composition developed in mixed colors is dull and uninteresting. I do not wish to appear too critical, but it seems to me that many of the local painters feed their public on too much 'sweet color.' They 'tickie

artist painted these subjects long before he knew of the older artist's existence. He found his greatest delight in depicting action. He says, "It might have been horses—at first it did not matter what form it expressed—movement, active motion was all that interested me. For some time I had been giving attention to music. I studied the violin and in school hours drew. If my memory does not fail me, I first copied a lithograph of Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle and upon leaving school furnished a memento for the art collection, a crayon portrait of Wendell Phillips. I made many more crayons, thus earning sufficient funds to enable me to attend the classes at the Art Institute in Boston, my home town. The second year there I was awarded a scholarship, and in 1893, after trying for six years, and on three different occasions, was given the Longfellow scholarship, now discontinued because of lack of interest." Another honor extended Mr. Kronberg was a silver medal, the gift of an exhibition held in the Mechanics' building in Boston.

* * *

When asked the most unique incident associated with the painting of canvases, Mr. Kronberg replied: "I sold the picture." Perhaps, he was



"BALLET GIRL IN WHITE," CANVAS BY LOUIS KRONBERG

up' their canvases and consider they have carried them far enough. This effect, while it may be 'pretty,' does not show to advantage the vital, inspiring elements hereabouts." Mr. Dawes left this week for his home in the east and will stop on the way to paint some canyon commissions. He expects to return here next winter.

* * *

Louis Kronberg's canvases, whose exhibit went on view at the Kanst gallery Friday, will be reviewed next week. His work is on a par with that of Edgar Degas, world renowned for his ballet compositions. Many who own Degas' canvases also have Louis Kronberg represented in their collection. From this one might infer that Mr. Kronberg was a pupil of Degas, but such is not the case, as Degas does not teach, and this

thinking of that immense canvas, now a valued possession of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts which he painted when twenty-two years of age. This composition, "Behind the Footlights," is a 60x80 canvas. It depicts a dancer in a handsome red costume pirouetting to the melody furnished by Spanish guitar players. While painting this immense canvas Mr. Kronberg encountered many difficulties, least among these being the uncertainty of models. In one of his dilemma's Luis Mora, known locally because of his murals at the Orpheum Theater, greatly assisted him. The hour for posing had arrived, but not so the model. Mr. Mora was present and gladly offered his services. Persons acquainted with that artist know his delight in the dance, and also the supple action of his movements. He had no sooner offered, than he was

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Jack Gage Stark—desert impressions—Museum Art Gallery.
Helen Clark Chandler—oils, water colors and monotypes—State Normal School.
Louis Kronberg—ballet studies—Kanst Art Gallery, 854 South Hill street.
Esther Mabel Crawford—desert landscapes—Royer Gallery, South Hill street.
Esther Hunt—Chinese children—Bentz Art Shop, 213 West Fourth.
E. Ten Eyck and Vit Guaccimanna—monks in water color—A. A. Byrens, 836 South Broadway.
Montalboddi canvases—Devenish Art Club, Title Guarantee Building.
Color prints showing motif of decorations in House of Parliament—Raymond Gould shop, 324 West Fifth.
Early Spanish Masters—Ye Olde Curiosity Shoppe, 614 West Sixth.
Cordova hand-tooled leather, F. H. Taber, 414 South Spring.
Photographic studies of Indians—Art room—Duncan, Vail Co., 730-32 South Hill.
Art portraits of children in home gardens—E. Martin Webb, 706 Majestic Theatre Building.
Max Weiczorek—portraits and landscapes—Mabel Watson studio—249 East Colorado, Pasadena.
Karl Yens—landscapes and figures—Shakespeare Club, Pasadena.
Original prints—Print Makers of Southern California—The Gift Shop, Pasadena.
Henry Wolf—wood engravings—O'Hara & Livermore, 253 East Colorado, Pasadena.

as good as his word and donned the feminine costume. Mr. Kronberg thinks some of his best modeling was accomplished that day. For the background of this picture whose figures look out on the audience, he would steal in behind the scenes of the Boston theater and through a keyhole or crack sketch in the audience on a piece of cloth. When the canvas was finished and framed it was so large it could not be lifted out of the door and had to be hoisted out of the window in sections. His studio was then located opposite the public gardens in Boston and he was reminded while telling me, of the merit the removal occasioned among the spectators below.

* * *

Mr. Kronberg went from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts where Grundman, who was Tarbell's and Benson's instructor, was his teacher, to the Arts Students' League in New York and there enjoyed criticism under William M. Chase for a year. Then it was he won the Longfellow scholarship, a competition open to any artist under thirty, a resident of the New England states. Mr. Henry Longfellow, a son of the poet, was the donor. He was pleased with the accomplishments of Mr. Kronberg and gave him a bonus of an additional five hundred dollars, which enabled him to take a trip to Algiers. While abroad he studied at the Julian Academy and watched Benjamin Constant, Jean Paul Laurens and Raphael Colline instruct. The third year he sent home his canvas, "The Lotus," which is one of the twenty-six pictures to be seen at the Kanst gallery on South Hill street. Mr. Kronberg's canvases have been bought by Henry Longfellow, whose choicest possessions are "An Oriental" and "The Blue Case," Mrs. "Jack" Gardner of Boston, who owns "A Ballet Girl in White," the Indianapolis Art Museum "A Dancer of the Orient," Mrs. Henry E. Huntington "A Ballet Girl in White," the Metropolitan Museum in New York "The Pink Sash," the Boston Museum of Fine Arts "Lady of Clan-care," Hugo Reisinger, whose collection contains more canvases by contemporary American painters than any other, has "The Ballet Girl in Pink," Eben D. Jordan, who gave Boston its opera house has "Preparing for the Dance," Mrs. George P. Gardner, a beautiful "Nude," Miss Grace Edwards of Boston, who owns a distinguished Degas canvas, has "Ballet Girl in Yellow," and many others too numerous to mention. More about the exhibition next week when the canvases will receive a full review.

Jack Gage Stark's canvases, which remain at Exposition Park to the end of the coming week are fourteen in number. They are brilliant exploitations of colorland. While his canvases are understandingly handled and show direct treatment, one thinks of a whitewashing brush as the mechanical tool used in their development and that the artist used a tablespoonful of pigment when a teaspoonful would have sufficed. But the pictures are unusually interesting—as all things viewed from a new angle must be. Mr. Stark is an impressionist, pure and simple, but he is also an excellent draughtsman, and that is more than we can say for many of that ilk. He understands how to blend most unusual harmonies without making them come topsy-turvy to the retina. His "Pines" is made of pure crisp color, with a "jangling" kind of feeling in their effect. One cannot say it is executed with subtlety. The central canvas, a study in pinks, yellows and greens, first made me think of my blocks. It is a bit in the "Valley of Chesey." That place surely has its house in order. A "Still Life" is the piece de resistance to me. The symmetry of the drawn

masses is unusually fine, and the interpretation has great truth-telling qualities. The colors are also true, clean and crisp though a little chalky. For poetry with a prose swing to it, I refer you to "Bare Branches," a transcript of an orchard bit in pinks and in an early dress.

* * *

The pictures of Allen Tupper True and the prints of Seymour Hayden promised the Museum gallery for this week, have not arrived. It appears there has been delay in transit. However, there are several other new canvases, a large interior by Henry V. Poor called "Breakfast," a not too vital interpretation. The figures remind one of the lay manikins. There is also a fine marine by Otto Sinding; "Lady Lo," by Louis Hovey Sharp, that most versatile of local painters, and Miss Anne Bremer's "Blue Bay at Monterey." * * *

Forty presentations from the brush of Esther Mabel Crawford are to be seen on the walls at the Royar gallery on South Hill street. They are interesting as they bring Miss Crawford, whose woodblocks are well known, to public attention as a worker in oils. These canvases have received broad and direct handling and have been interpreted in all phases of mood. The planes of value in drawing and modeling are clever and the color schemes understandingly handled. There is a quiet sparkle about them that I like. They do not dominate, yet hold their own. "Windy Day" has action, but the sensation of the blowing wind is not pronounced. The treatment of the sky is an individual note. Fine atmospherically is "The Leaning Pine," and a mood of fall is interpreted in soft tone lights of blues, browns and greys in "A Bit of the Arroyo."

* * *

Devenish Art Club has continued the exhibition of the Montaloddi's and will hold its closing meeting this (Saturday) afternoon. The occasion will be important as Mrs. Wilfrid Simpson reads two well-known Irish plays.

Miss Hunt's Chinese children remain at the Nathan Bentz shop on West Fourth street. They are attracting considerable attention because of their sterling qualities as interpretations of the race.

* * *

Interesting photographic studies of Indians and their environment are on exhibition in the art room at the Duncan-Vail Company on South Hill street. These pictures have been especially posed by the official photographer of the Panama-California Exposition, Roland W. Reed. They are sepia developments and handsomely mounted. About seventy-five subjects have been depicted.

* * *

Parents interested in the art of child photography so well understood by E. Martin Webb of the Majestic Theater building, will be attracted by his artistic arrangement for depicting young people in the home garden.

* * *

In prospect is a special exhibition of the work of the students of the College of Fine Arts of the University of Southern California to be held at the Steckel gallery on South Broadway from May 17 to 31 inclusive. The work shown will include canvases, drawings, sculpture, pottery and applied arts and is said to be superior to any exhibited by that institution in recent years.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Margaret Cowper, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Hilda C. Montgomery and Ethel Mildred Wheeler, Executrices of the Estate of Margaret Cowper, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrices at Suite 336-339 Title Insurance Building, sit-



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uate on the northeast corner of Fifth and Spring Streets, in the city of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, which place is hereby designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate.

Dated this 5th day of May, A. D., 1915.
HILDA C. MONTGOMERY,
ETHEL MILDRED WHEELER.
John Beardsley,
Attorney for Executrices.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

In the Matter of the Application of Anton Fred Resek for Change of Name.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

Good cause appearing therefor, it is hereby ordered, adjudged and decreed that Anton Fred Resek has filed herein his application for change of his name to Fred Anton Clarke and it is further ordered that all persons interested in the matter of said application do appear before this court on the 4th day of June, 1915, at Ten O'clock A. M. of said date at the court room of Department 10 of the above entitled court at the court house in the city of Los Angeles, to show cause, if any they have, why the application of said Anton Fred Resek for change of his name should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for at least four successive weeks in The Graphic, a newspaper of general circulation in the said County of Los Angeles.

JOHN M. YORK,
Judge.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Non-Coal 013749
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California, April 24, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that John I. Trogon, of El Venado, Santa Monica, California, who, on August 25, 1911, made homestead entry No. 013749, for NE¼, SE¼, Sec. 23, N½ SW¼, SE¼ SW¼, Section 24, Township 1 S., Range 13 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9:00 a. m., on the 4th day of June, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: William D. Newell, James Harris, Charles Johnson, all of El Venado, California; Mattie Klipper, of 827 Castelar St., Los Angeles, Cal.

JOHN D. ROCHE,
Register.

PUBLIC LAND SALE
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif., Non-Coal. 021326

April 3, 1915.
Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Sec. 2455, R. S., pursuant to the application of Mabel Grace Kelch, Serial No. 021326, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, but at not less than \$250 per acre, at 10:00 o'clock A. M., on the 13th day of May, 1915, next, at this office, the following tract of land: SW¼ NE¼, Sec. 17, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. M. The sale will not be kept open, but will be declared closed when those present at the hour named have ceased bidding. The person making the highest bid will be required to immediately pay to the Receiver the amount thereof.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.
ALEX MITCHELL, Receiver.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Mary McKamy Wyatt, sometimes called Mary M. Wyatt, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, M. Lauretta Chase, Administratrix of the Estate of Mary McKamy Wyatt, sometimes called Mary M. Wyatt, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix at the office of Ralph A. Chase, 403 H. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California, hereby designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the County of Los Angeles.

Dated this 8th day of April A. D., 1915.

M. LAURETTA CHASE,

Administratrix.

By RALPH A. CHASE, her attorney.
Date of first publication April 10, 1915.

WANTED BY GRADUATE NURSE

Patient in her home on orange ranch; sleeping porch, conveniences. Address, Monrovia, Route 1, Box 70 A.

Books

RECOGNIZED even by those who violently disagree with his conclusions as a worthy foe, "Norman Angell" (Ralph N. A. Lane), stands as the leader of those pacifists who attack war in a sane, unimpassioned and convincing way. Therefore, the publication of his latest book, "America and the New World-State," will result in the sharpening of pencils and brains in the camp of the militarists. Mr. Angell is one whose arguments cannot be disposed of by scoffing, whose views cannot be disregarded as the attitude of a dreamer and theorist, whose opinions must be answered by the heaviest ordinance possessed by the opposition. Idealist he may be, yet as he points out, each of the warring nations claims that, at bottom, it is fighting for "ideals," hence the difference between militarists and pacifists of this author's caliber is simply difference in ideals.

In summarizing his point of view, Mr. Angell says: "War and peace, like all good and bad things in human relationship, like all problems of the good and bad use which we make of the raw materials of nature, depend upon the justice or the fallacy of the ideas of men; the final solution of this problem will come through the reform and clarification of ideas, and by no other way whatsoever." In the first part of "America and the New World-State," the author discusses the interdependence of the world's finances and morality. He shows that North and South America lose economically in this war because of the higher cost of money and will continue to lose for many years since capital which formerly was utilized in developing the new world, will have to be expended at home. Likewise, a wrong turning in Europe's morality will mean a similar reaction here. Next he points out the fallacy of the "Balance of Power" which he shows has failed in maintaining peace among countries, each of which declares it goes to war simply to protect itself. In civil society, force is used solely to suppress the man who attacks another and to prevent that man who is assaulted from using force in retaliation: why cannot the same police power exist between nations? This would entail something of a world-state, and such a state does in a measure exist, but is largely incoherent as it has no recognized capital. The United States, because of its traditional policy of aloofness from Europe's quarrels, could supply that domicile better than any other nation.

Ideals and doctrines as causes of war are discussed in the second part of the work. Mr. Angell briefly summarizes the arguments he advanced in "The Great Illusion" to reveal the fallacy of the prevailing views regarding "winning" a war. He then shows that Prussian militarism is not indigenous to the soil of Germany, but that Prussianism is just as manifest in many English and American writers as in Bernhardt. As cases in point, he cites the former hatred among us of England and Spain: How to destroy Prussianism is discussed in the concluding division of the work. Germany must not be partitioned, the author says, because such a re-painting of the map could be maintained only by military force, with the result that France and Russia would soon out-Prussia Prussia in jingoism. Nor would mere weaken-

ening of the Kaiser's domain have the desired offset as there is almost always a renaissance following a disastrous defeat, and in the quick shifting of alliances necessary to maintain the balance of power, Germany would one day see her chance, and an embittered nation would surely take advantage of it. As these two facts are clear, mere physical victory of the allies will not defeat Prussianism: to accomplish that purpose, the Germans must be made to see the futility of military superiority, must be convinced that "owning" Belgium or the colonies of France would not make her people one whit better off, morally or economically, than they were before the war started. In this campaign of education, America can play an important part because of her isolation from the dynastic and territorial qualities of the old world.

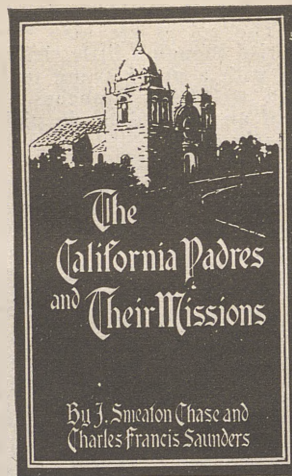
Throughout the book, Mr. Angell frequently points out that Prussianism, which Bernhardt has come to personify, is the belief of only a small, but extremely active party in the various countries, that the people as a whole desire peace, and that it behooves the vast majority who do not want war not to be lead astray by the noise made by the jingoes. The entire volume is extremely stimulating, and will well repay a careful reading. ("America and the New World-State," by Norman Angell. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bullock's).

J. G. R.

"Spoon River Anthology"

Those of us who see "Reedy's Mirror" have been watching for a long time a series of vivid little character sketches in free verse, etched with the power and the sympathetic irony of a Villon, which have appeared weekly under the general title "Spoon River Anthology." They were signed with the name Webster Ford, but at the last Mr. Reedy unmasked the author as Edgar Lee Masters, a Chicago lawyer. Now these poems appear in book form. The "Anthology" is a notable book. In this day when the desire to be original has so often led our young poets far afield into the quicksands of abnormality, this book is new because it is founded on the sanity, not only of today, but of all time, on the deepest and most fundamental traits of human life and aspiration. The book is strong meat. It is sane, sympathetic, keenly analytical, humorous, unafraid. And, above all, it is absolutely free from the mawkish sentimentality which engulfs our literature like a slimy sea. It is a book which will leave an ineradicable impress on all who read.

Technically, Mr. Masters uses the free verse form of today—and of the ancients. He handles it with the freedom and surety of a long apprenticeship in the regular verse forms. But the excellence of these poems lies not so much in the technique as in the substance. Spoon River is a real river in central Illinois, and the anthology is the life history of the dwellers on its banks. Each character has a poem, written from the altitude of the graveyard on the hill, and each tells his story stripped of pretense and softened by the solemnity of death, yet, personally as in life. The effect of this double attitude is to give the book a sense of almost limitless background, so that each reader can look between the pages and see



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ROCKY MOUNTAIN WONDERLAND

BY ENOS A. MILLS

"Enos Mills knows the mountains of Colorado and the plants and wild folk that dwell among them as no other man. His new book 'The Rocky Mountain Wonderland,' nature lovers will find brimful of interest."—Rocky Mountain News.

"Mr. Mills has done for this region what John Muir has done for the Sierra Nevada."—N. Y. Globe.

SUNDOWN SLIM

BY HENRY H. KNIBBS

Author of "Overland Red"

The story of a feud between cow-punchers and sheep-herders in the Great Southwest, filled to the brim with romance, humor, and thrilling adventures. Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer. \$1.35 net. (Ready May 22.)

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there all of life that he can apprehend stretching away to the last confines of his understanding. It is an effect produced only by a truly great book. These lines from "Theodore the Poet" are typical both of the form of the work and of the spirit of the author:

... your vision watched for men and women
Hiding in burrows of fate amid great cities,
Looking for the souls of them to come out.
So that you could see
How they lived, and for what,
And why they kept crawling so busily
Along the sandy ways where water falls

("Spoon River Anthology." By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Co. Bullock's).

"German World Policies"

Almost an oddity, certainly a strange individual is Paul Rohrbach, and yet deserving of respect. He could have had a few paragraphs inserted when Dr. Von Mach translated "Der Deutsche Gedanke In

Der Welt" into "German World Policies" and could have made himself appear a seer or prophet of the Great War. He lets it be known he did not foresee the great conflict and, in fact, believed it would not come. He gives no space to discussions of supermen, refuses to prattle of "blood and iron" and makes it plain he respects the rights of all nations, regardless of General Von Bernhardt or Baron Von Der Goltz. Indeed, the author is quite refreshing and interesting throughout.

Few Americans read Dr. Rohrbach's German edition of this work when it was published in 1912, but now that it is just off the press in excellent translation there is likely to be a demand for it. One can see why friends, neutrals and foes of Germany may all approve it. It is unlikely that any person could take offense at a man who treats with frank impartiality all conditions in the German Empire that go to make it what it is. He shows clearly the faults and failings of his countrymen and is as

candid in this as when telling of their virtues and successes. Unlike many idealists, who find so much of the ideal in their own country and so little of it in others, the author recognizes the value of the achievements of other races than his own and tries to imbue his fellows with a patriotic desire to triumph by moral and peaceful means—that is, by emulating and in excelling in all virtues of all peoples. He does not suggest that others have "mailed fist" missionary work done for them and he has no idea of clearing the way for "kultur" with shrapnel. He simply points the way to what he considers the only triumph worth while. He has confidence in his race, but he wants a thorough house-cleaning before Destiny is invited to call.

Aside from the personal interest one is forced to take in Dr. Rohrbach, the value of his discussions of so many questions pertinent to the great upheaval of today is great. Right now the erstwhile calm professors of economics and politics are mostly turned propagandists or military press agents and the truth is considered unpatriotic. This writer is calm, analytical, direct and gifted with a pleasing style.

In his chapter on historical liens, Protestants and Catholics are sure to find suggestions worth consideration, and in one devoted to moral conquests any person with a sense of humor will enjoy the talk of Germany's Turkish policy. In this one has much light thrown on a puzzling question, to-wit: "How did the Germans get such a hold on the Turks?"

However, any time one feels like disagreeing with the author, or thinks he overdoes the optimistic business, the introduction should be consulted. There it is plainly set forth: "The materialistic historian believes that those people conquer in the struggle for existence who cleverly perfect, and selfishly, even ruthlessly, use the means provided by a world of material forces. All so-called ideas and leading personalities, all struggles and catastrophes are to him only the result of an economic process of development. Starting with such a premise, it is not possible to reach a moral valuation of the German idea, or of any other national idea, for if morality itself is merely a bubble which has risen from the turmoil of idealless happenings, and possesses so doubtful an existence that one cannot tell how long it will influence the thoughts of men, then no ordinary transient occurrence of history deserves to be viewed from an idealistic point of view. As for ourselves, we wish to assert at the beginning that morality is not only an absolute power, but the only absolute one for human understanding, and as such marks the aim and norm of human understanding."

It takes real heroism to maintain such a view right now. Only a genuine 18-karat optimist and refined idealist can do it! ("German World Policies." By Paul Rohrbach, translated by Dr. Edmund Von Mach. The Macmillan Co. Bullock's).

Good Australian Story

In our practical way we look a little scornfully upon the elaborate ritual of the English public school training and the orthodox good form which seems the only goal of English universities. Our own self-culture seems to us more worthy whether successfully completed or only essayed. But to quote Arthur A. Adams in his new Australian novel, "behind that mask of clear vacuity which is the aim of every educated Englishman, England has won most of her battles and made most of her bluffs." The English are, for instance, making little fuss over their world-standing as writers of stories either short or long, and yet most of the really good stories we are now reading come from the educated English pen. To place the set-

ting of a story in Australia gives the writer the advantage of looking across the seas, but through calm English eyes at these most English traits.

An Australian story containing new fragrances, new tastes and new heroes comes from the press of John Lane under the title of "Grocer Greatheart," and through the queer jumble which shipwreck and desert islands precipitate, the training of Old England as transplanted to the Pacific is seen to be, after all, the making of fine men. But most definite of all impressions made upon an American reading this rollicking romance is the conviction that the educated, university man, inheritor of all the training as well as the viking past of England, can handle "punch and human interest" in a way to please the most exacting of modern American magazine editors and even to beat the self-made writer at this his own particular game.

Pitched in a high key which is consistently maintained throughout, "Grocer Greatheart" is a fine story striking down into the cave man which dwells beneath the civilized veneer in every one. It carries us across the Southern Seas among tropical islands and brings us up standing against the most modern of civilization's appliances just as we are in danger of being overwhelmed by "the steamy, sodden atmosphere of earth's earliest age." So well written is it that we gleefully forget the artist as we follow his humorous pathway through the tangled jungle of this tropical romance where English love of fair play and traditional faith in humanity are introduced with a skill so polished that it can afford to forget its tools. ("Grocer Greatheart." By Arthur A. Adams. John Lane Co. Bullock's). M. U. S.

Two National Parks

This is the year for "Seeing America First," but it is a coincidence that in a single month there should appear a book which describes the Yellowstone, the first American National Park, and also another book, devoted to the very latest accession to our public pleasure grounds, the Rocky Mountain National Park. Of the dozen or so peaks, the Yellowstone is the most widely known and popular. Its earlier start is partly the cause of this, but the spectacles of the geysers, several of which are always in action, coupled with the work of the government in building perfect roads and providing for well appointed hotels in the midst of the wilderness, are even a more potent factor. Major Chittenden was actively connected with this government work, and is enthusiastic for the policy, as he may well be. He wrote "The Yellowstone National Park" several years ago, but this new edition has not only a large amount of new material but has been thoroughly revised in each chapter, and the facts as to tourists and routes are the latest. It is a book crammed with information, one which will be especially liked by those who are visiting the park, and who can read over the interesting chapters that tell of the history of the discovery and development, the legends, the wild life, the geysers, the falls of the Yellowstone River, and the hundred points of attraction. The fifteen plates and detailed map are excellent.

"The Rocky Mountain Wonderland," by Enos A. Mills, is of a different type. Mr. Mills is a quiet nature lover. Birds, beasts, the towering trees, the dainty flowers that blossom at the snow lines, are dear to his heart. As a man of practical power and perseverance, he deserves the nation's thanks for starting and carrying through a campaign to save a three hundred and sixty acre tract in northwestern Colorado (in which Long's Peak is the best known landmark). His descriptions are wonderfully vivid, whether he is telling of the intelligence of "Cricket," the "return horse" which takes the traveller up into the passes, or showing how

the trees are almost like human beings in some of their aspects, or making us feel the wonders of those still mountain vistas, where, with only the accustomed eyes of the eagle and mountain lions to see,

The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Both by the similarity in the piece of work which Mr. Mills has done in creating the Park, and in his pages, we are constantly reminded of John Muir, for both men have done much to make our American life fuller and richer. ("The Yellowstone National Park." By H. M. Chittenden. Stewart & Kidd. "The Rocky Mountain Wonderland." By Enos A. Mills. Houghton, Mifflin Co. Bullock's).

In the May Magazines

Leading the features for the month in Harper's Magazine is William Roscoe Thayer's "John Hay as Secretary of State" compiled and edited from his unpublished letters. These show the sincerity back of the mind which controlled affairs of state the end of the nineteenth century. Walter Pritchard Eaton contributes "Nature and the Psalmist," a prose poem on the out-of-doors, beautifully illustrated in tint by Walter King Stone, and Henry Seidel Canby, a clever dissertation on "Culture and Prejudice." Dorothy Canfield, Louise Kennedy Mabie, Sophie Kerr Underwood, Alice Duer Miller, Edna M. Owings, and Ethel M. Kelley have interesting fiction and William Dean Howells in the "Editor's Easy Chair" browses among recent volumes of down-to-date literature.

World's Work opens a new department at its Washington office where a bureau prepared to answer questions pertaining to the work of the various activities of the government has been established. It is to be a feature of the "Your Government of the United States" and in the current issue supplements an article on the possibilities of the new trade commission, given in an interview with Mr. Davis, chairman of the board. Along similar lines is Walter F. Wyman's "Credit at Home and Abroad," a document dealing with the problems of the increase in our export trade. "Italy's Reasons" is the foundation of Owen Wilson's discussion of that country's ambitions in Africa and the East, and the events behind her present position. The idol of the French people Joseph Joffre, and one time peasant, is glowingly portrayed by James Middleton who says that in "three silent years" he has reformed the French army and made possible the great victory of the marine. Our own distressing conditions down on the Mississippi are set forth pictorially and literally by George Marvin who states that fourteen hundred miles of earth defenses have no protection against the great river, an enemy that heeds no rules and saps the riches and strength of the country.

Theosophical Path, for May offers a diversified range of subjects. H. T. Edge, M. A., has written of "Our Complex Personality," which he determines is the result of our composite nature; Kenneth Morris contributes "Golden Threads in the Tapestry of History," the first installment on "Evolution, Reincarnation and the Gods;" there are illustrated views of the Panama-California Exposition, and of the international theosophical headquarters at Point Loma.

Elizabeth Towne's editorials in the Nautilus Magazine offer much food for thought, Orison Swett Marden tells of "The Great Youth Preserver," while Axel Emil Gibson, N. D., defines "Feeling, as a Source to Knowledge and Power." Another feature writer, Edward B. Warman, A. M., is also a contributor. He commands us to "Let Down Our Buckets" and drink of knowledge.

The Boss of the Lazy

Y

A Romance of the Old-Time
Cattle Country

By CHAS. ALDEN SELTZER

HERE is a corking western yarn with a mighty interesting plot and lots of the kind of action that people like in a cowboy story. There is not a dull paragraph in the book.

Those who like such books as "The Virginian," "Happy Hawkins," "Overland Red," "Hop-along Cassidy," etc., will enjoy reading

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS
No. 28919

Estate of Theodore W. Klingenberg, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Estate of Theodore W. Klingenberg, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the office of her attorney, John Beardsley, 336-339 Title Insurance Building, Northeast corner of Fifth & Spring Streets, City of Los Angeles, in the County of Los Angeles.

Dated this 14th day of April, A. D., 1915. ROSA W. KLINGENBERG, Executrix of the estate of Theodore W. Klingenberg, Deceased.

Stocks & Bonds

METEOROLOGICAL gloom which attended the opening of the month of May failed to find a reflection of itself on the local stock exchange. In fact the atmosphere there, since last Saturday, has been of an essentially sunshiny character. Securities have shown rather convincing signs of throwing off the shackles which have bound them for so many months. When Union Oil moves up $2\frac{3}{4}$ points and down $1\frac{1}{2}$ points in the same day, after its sluggish inaction of the last few months, traders have reason to rub their eyes and look twice at the board.

Of course, a reawakening of interest in Union generally means a better market all around. Besides the usual run of trades in the low priced issues, several of the bonds and a bank stock or two have received attention, as well as Associated, Amalgamated and Producers' Transportation. The last-named has been a feature of strength, sales at this writing having been made at \$70, the best price in some time. Associated has been selling at \$38; it is a shade easier than last week. Amalgamated is stronger, latest transactions being at \$64.

Home Savings bank stock has been traded in at \$137.50. A few Home Telephone bonds have been reported traded in off board at 85.

Los Angeles Investment continues soft; quotations at this writing are 41 bid at 43. National Pacific is nominally the same as last week. Maricopa Northern has been traded in at $1\frac{1}{2}$ @2 cents. Consolidated Mines is firmer, Union Oil is practically unchanged, as is also California Hills mining stock.

May 4 bank statement, issued by local national institutions, in response to the call of the comptroller of currency, revealing, as it did, an increase of several millions in deposits and available cash, was a most favorable influence this week. It is an indication that the recent talk about new money coming into the city, was not "in the air." Fundamentally, financial conditions throughout the country have been greatly improved since the first of the year, and the feeling at present is one of sane, healthy optimism.

Banks and Banking

FINANCIAL conditions deduced from the statements just issued by the thirteen national banks again emphasize the complete confidence in the soundness of the situation here as recently expressed by the banking and business men. An increase of considerably more than \$4,000,000 is recorded over that issued in the reports made at the official call of the comptroller of the currency at Washington March 4 last. The present accounting shows a total of \$65,010,000 on deposit in the banks affected by the call. Two months ago the total deposits announced were \$60,881,729. The cash on hand at the opening of May reveals a total of \$23,752,311, as against \$20,999,901 in March, a gain of nearly \$3,000,000. These statistics do not include an account of conditions existing in state banks. The latter institutions report balances of such character as to in-

spire satisfaction and encouragement. The Citizens' National shows the most decided advance, having gained \$1,182,439 and the First National follows with an increase of \$1,109,782. The Merchants' National gained \$921,601; the Commercial National, Farmers' and Merchants' National and Security National about \$200,000 each, and the New Continental National a trifle in excess of \$100,000.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Thursday, April 29

WAR NEWS—Fighting on the Gallipoli peninsula * * * Activity of the Zeppelins and the aeroplanes * * * Continuation of the battle of Flanders * * * Fighting in the Champagne * * * Russians and the Austro-Germans heavily engaged in the Uzok pass district of the Carpathians * * * French marine sunk by an Austrian submarine * * *

GENERAL—John Lawson, labor agitator on trial for murder in Colorado may go on witness stand in own defense * * * State department dispatches second note in the Frye case to Germany * * * Villa with 35,000 is planning an attack on Obregon * * * Queretaro to be attacked by 10,000 say reports from below the border * * * Huerta buys Harlem flats in New York worth more than a million dollars * * *

OF LOCAL INTEREST—President of public utilities board proposes a higher gas rate and more efficient gas * * * Japanese found with dynamite in his possession is arrested in revolver fight * * * An attack on the two sisters in the Sebastian case * * * Robbery of large development concern thwarted * * * Fads and frills of Los Angeles schools denounced in senate yesterday * * * The Dalles-Celilo canal, which opens up a channel in the Columbia River has been opened.

Friday, April 30

WAR NEWS—German airships raid English cities * * * Sporadic attacks in the campaign in France and Belgium * * * Continuation of the battle in the Carpathians * * * The temperance issue in Parliament * * *

GENERAL—President Schwab of the Bethlehem Steel Company and party are in special train west bound to visit expositions * * * Midshipmen of Annapolis will make trip through canal this summer and visit expositions * * * Samuel Untermyer added to the government counsel in the Riggs Bank suit, giving the case a political hue * * *

OF LOCAL INTEREST—Fraternal Brotherhood may merge with Ohio Insurance Company * * * Chief Sebastian established an alibi on two dates named. The defense took the offensive * * * Rates for water, electric light and power will remain the same * * * Indictments returned against sixteen former L. A. I. men * * * Redondo Beach piers pounded to pieces by high winds * * * Dr. Montessori is in Pasadena * * * One of the Bixby heirs was married secretly in Santa Ana * * * A new line of Norwegian motorboats is to trade through the harbor * * * Charges made that at

least 20,000 sample ballots were sent out to fictitious addresses in the Oakland fraud case * * *

Saturday, May 1

WAR NEWS—Serious fighting between the allies and the Turks * * * German bombardment of Dunkirk * * * German cavalry raids Russian Baltic provinces * * * The battle in the Carpathians for Uzok Pass * * *

GENERAL—Marconi says his new wireless telephone will be used by Italy on land and sea if that country enters war * * * Award of the arbitrators in the case of the western railway men * * * Col. Gorgas, in speech at St. Louis criticised sanitary order given by Goethals * * * Lawson case in Colorado goes to jury Monday * * * Three battleships with midshipmen on their practice cruise will stop at the harbor on their trip to the exposition * * * Attorney Crane of San Francisco is held on charges made by six young women * * * Representative Gardner says our navy is totally inadequate for war * * * Villa planning to give battle to Obregon with 35,000 men in the vicinity of Aguascalien * * * Carranza is sending a special commission to California to study the oil situation * * * Disastrous fire in the city of Colon, Panama * * *

OF LOCAL INTEREST—Board of Utilities fixes gas rate at 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents and decides to place business telephones on a service basis * * * Charles E. Sebastian was fixed in his defense and judge confesses the case is on his nerves * * * Parade of floats * * * Judge Reeve takes over juvenile court Monday, succeeding Judge Taft and troublesome problems will be eliminated * * *

Sunday, May 2

WAR NEWS—The German north-eastern advance into Russia * * * Renewed activity by German submarines * * * New vigor in the fighting in the Carpathians * * * Russian report of an advance on the left of the Niemen * * *

GENERAL—Woman mayor of Illinois took office yesterday * * * President Wilson planted a memorial tree for his grandson at Williams-town, Mass. * * * Lawson case in Colorado went to jury last night * * * Mexicans have been warned to leave steamships alone on Pacific coast * * * Family of Gov. Maytorena headed for Los Angeles it is said with \$350,000 in gold.

OF LOCAL INTEREST—Three mile parade and 150,000 spectators * * * Husband of Mrs. Pratt co-defendant with Sebastian, contradicts charges of immorality * * * One of Broadway's largest stores bought by San Franciscans in a deal involving \$500,000.

Monday, May 3

WAR NEWS—Germans again get busy with their submarines destroying a British, French and an American steamer * * * The casualty list of the Canadian troops is growing heavier and heavier * * * The operations now going on in the Dardanelles are regarded as the most important of the entire war * * * Russians holding their own in the Carpathians * * *

GENERAL—Jury still out in the Lawson case in Colorado and no verdict likely today * * * Chairman Walsh says John D. Rockefeller, Sr., practically controls the employing power of the country * * * Critical situation exists with the Yaqui Indians in Sonora because these noble aborigines have not been paid * * * Steamer Benito Jaurez detained by the Mexican authorities at Mazatlan has been released * * * A critical situation may be caused by the sinking of the second American ship by the Germans say diplomats at Washington * * *

OF LOCAL INTEREST—The national president of the Y. W. C. A.

arrived and stripped dancing, the theater and cards of sinful bogies * * * A light vote expected at primaries tomorrow * * * Charles Seyler, Sr., well known bank cashier stricken with apoplexy a month ago, died today * * * Crops badly damaged by freak storm * * *

Tuesday, May 4

WAR NEWS—Neutral ships sunk in the North Sea by mines and submarines * * * Great Austrian victory over the Russians reported from Berlin and Vienna * * * Comparative quiet in the western war zone * * * Italians leaving Austria-Hungary * * *

GENERAL—Lawson convicted of first degree murder * * * Carman murder trial at Mineola, N. Y. * * * England issues further instructions of how shippers may prevent delay to their cargoes * * * Ruling on the labor clause of the Clayton anti-trust law sought in supreme court * * * Zapata captures Queretaro and controls the railroad to Vera Cruz * * * Aviator Jack Mayes of San Francisco killed at Aguas Calientes * * * Holland to establish a legation to the Holy See * * * Tokio report of an ultimatum to be sent to China by Japan * * *

OF LOCAL INTEREST—Two hundred thousand persons saw floral pageant * * * Two shots fired at Chief Sebastian in his home, shattering a window close to him but missing him * * * Chief Sebastian on stand denies all charges * * * One hundred and sixty-five candidates will be voted on in the municipal primaries today * * * The New Mexico state building was dedicated at the San Diego fair * * * Progressives admit amendment No. 1 is a fizzle.

Wednesday, May 5

WAR NEWS—Russian victory over the turks in Persia * * * French threaten to use asphyxiating gas on the Germans * * * Thirty thousand Russians alleged captured in the great victory of the Teutonic allies in the Carpathians * * * Continuation of the fighting in the Ypres district * * * Allies on the offensive on the Gallipoli peninsula.

GENERAL—Roosevelt again on the witness stand in Barnes suit in New York * * * Jitney men start a national organization in Kansas City * * * Chicago stock raisers protest against increased railway freight tariffs * * * President Wilson refuses to turn over correspondence in the Colorado strike to the industrial commission * * * Admiral Beatty has been ordered to take command of the "enemy" fleet which is to participate in the naval war game * * * Gen. Orozco has been in Mexico and disappeared across the border * * * Villa captures Panuco in the Tampico oil district.

OF LOCAL INTEREST—Sebastian and Whiffen nominated for Mayor and the Pro-Francis board of education ticket received the high vote at the primary * * * City increases territory by confirming annexation of San Fernando valley and Palms * * * City's thirteen national banks make excellent showing in a statement for government * * * Incoming delegates and officers of Y. W. C. A. welcomed on the eve of their biennial national convention * * * Earlham College "tunnel scandal" laid by the receipt of the official version, making denial * * * President Schwab of Bethlehem Steel proposes to build a great dry dock at San Francisco * * * Ship wrecked on Santa Clara island near Santa Barbara * * * Bill providing for single legislative body in California to be in session the year round introduced at Sacramento * * * Los Angeles girl sues Kansas woman for \$50,000 damages.

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THE OWL

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Arrive San Francisco 8:50 a. m.

NO. 49

Leave Los Angeles 7:30 p. m.
Arrive San Francisco 12:50 p. m.

THE LARK

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Arrive San Francisco 9:45 a. m.

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Capital, \$300,000. Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.

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S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and
Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits,
\$20,000,000.

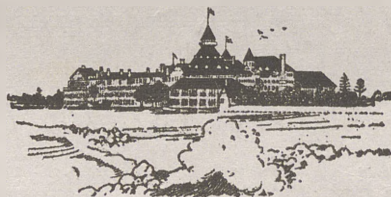
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